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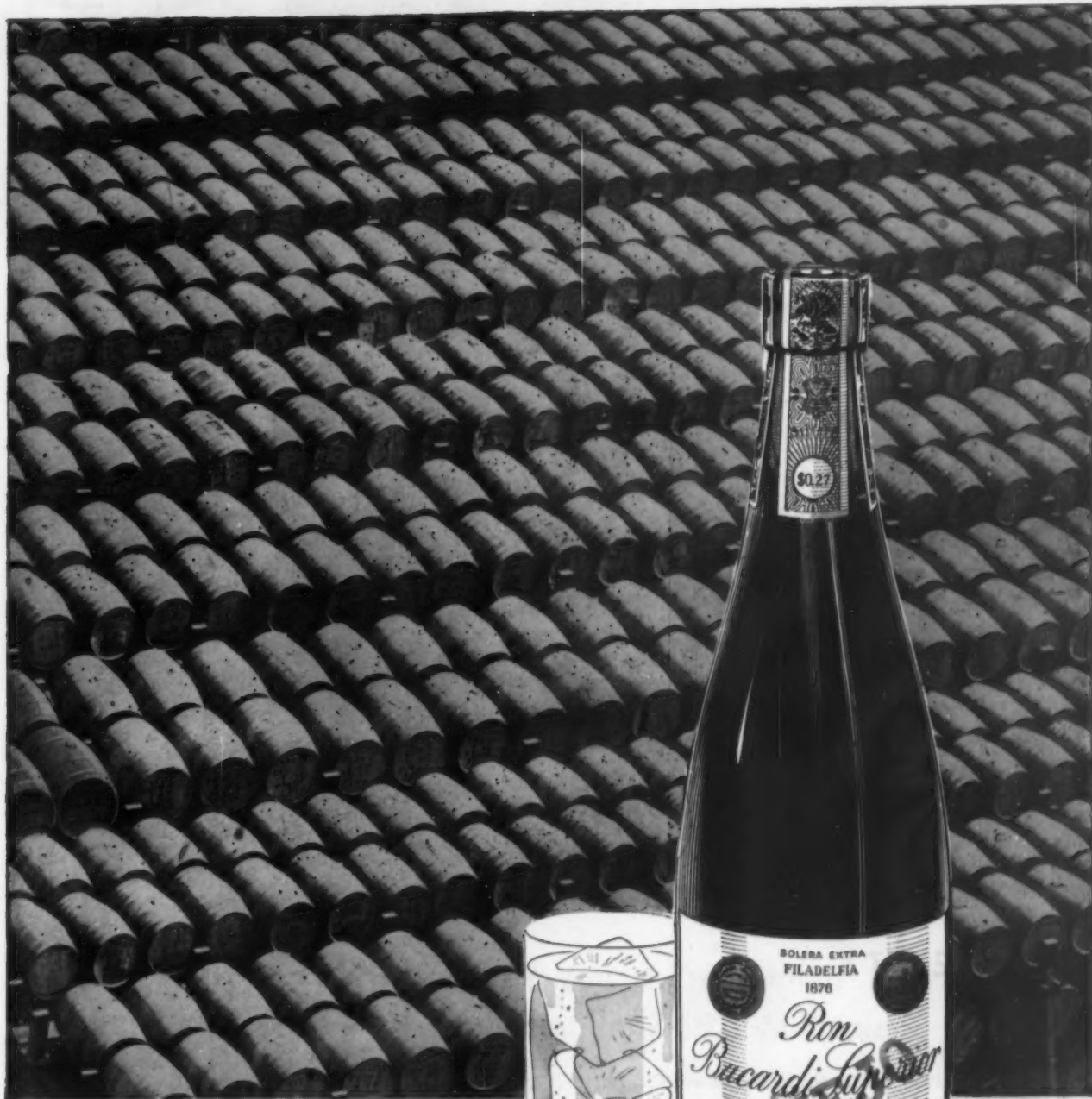
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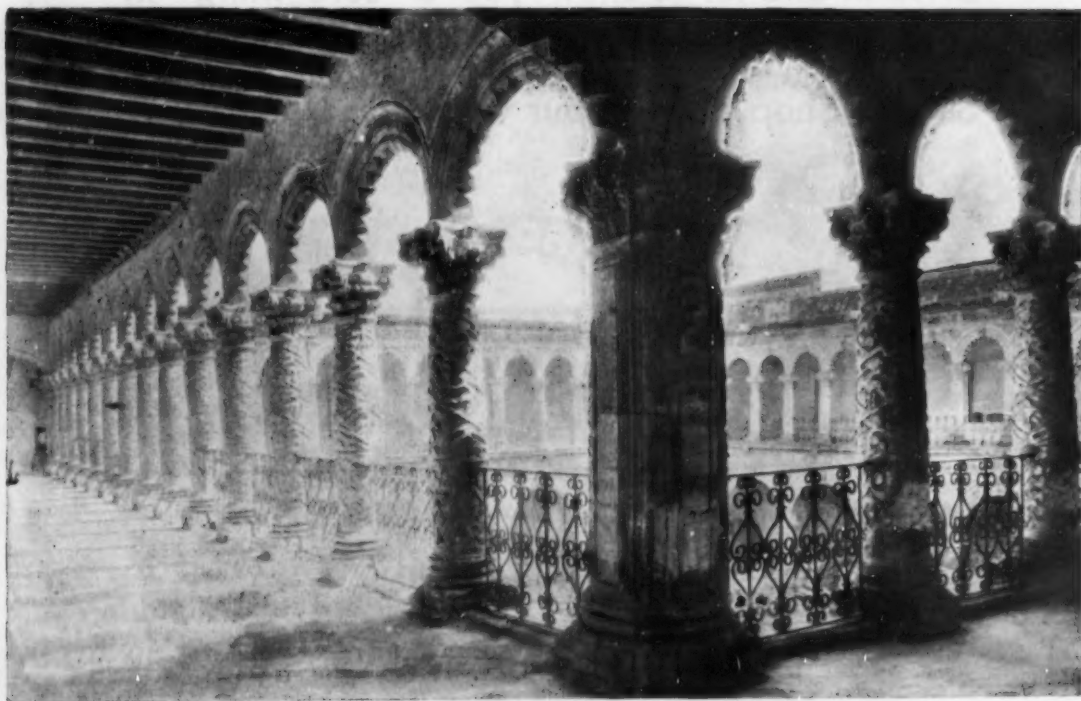
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HOWARD S. PHILLIPS

EDITOR

Foreign Investment in Mexico

MEXICO'S industrial development began at the end of the 19th. century, at a time when its capacity for investment of native capital was almost nil. The reduced upper class of wealthier Mexicans consisted almost entirely of agricultural landowners who knew how to exploit their holdings upon a feudal basis of peonage but knew nothing of commercial or industrial enterprise.

Thus the initial industries that were created in this country were financed and controlled by foreign interests. This was also true of mining and petroleum exploitation, as well as of transportation, banking, insurance and mercantile enterprise. Up to the end of the prolonged regime of Porfirio Diaz practically the entire business structure of Mexico, and even a good share of its agriculture, was controlled by foreigners. In his eagerness to develop the country's natural resources, to build railways and public utilities, Diaz maintained an open door policy for foreign investors, granting them special inducements and privileges.

Mexico, therefore, a century after it achieved its independence from Spain, yet preserved a colonial economy. Its political independence was of slight value to the bulk of the population so long as it remained economically dependent.

Hence the Mexican revolution, pursuing at the outset the overthrow of political dictatorship and the creation of popular suffrage, eventually asserted itself in the new Federal Constitution of 1917 as a nationalist movement, striving to liberate the country from the onus of economic dependence. The new definition of property rights established by Article 27 of this Constitution undid at one stroke the two most disastrous results of the Diaz dictatorship—the alienation of peasant community land-holdings and the unrestricted acquisition by foreigners of property in Mexico. It was through the instrument of this Article that Mexico has been able to nationalize its railways and petroleum industry and to create a new legal basis for foreign investment.

It is upon this new basis, primarily planned to safeguard the nation's sovereignty, that a considerable volume of foreign capital, mainly from the United States, has been invested in Mexican industries during the past fifteen years. Effectively helping Mexico to accelerate its process of industrialization, this capital, invested in compliance with the country's laws, has generally earned substantial dividends. Due, however, to the fact that Mexico's basic industrial development has now reached a point of temporary saturation as result of restricted consumption, ensuing from agricultural underdevelopment, the influx of for-

eign capital has diminished considerably in more recent years.

And yet, in order to further promote its economic development, Mexico, still unable to entirely rely on native sources, needs additional large-scale investment of outside capital. Indeed, according to authoritative estimates, it will require upward of twenty-five billion pesos to nominally mechanize its agriculture and to rehabilitate the obsolescent equipment in many of its older industries.

Quite naturally, the opinion of the average patriotically minded Mexican is guided by the wish that his country may achieve economic wellbeing without seeking foreign cooperation, upon the basis of complete self-sufficiency. But this opinion is obviously unrealistic. Through investment of available unemployed native capital, the proper channeling of savings and reinvestment of profits, Mexico might some day in the course of years arrive at such self-sufficiency. For the time being, however, its future economic expansion and stability must to an important extent depend upon capital obtained abroad.

It is true that Mexico's official program of electrification, carried out by the Federal Commission of Electricity, represents at this time an investment of more than two billion four hundred million pesos of money obtained in this country, and that the nationalization of the petroleum industry has been financed with Mexican funds and to a great extent from profits derived from this industry's operation. But these investments have been made gradually over a period of fifteen years, while today, in order to achieve an even balance between its agricultural and industrial production and thereby to stabilize its entire economic structure, Mexico cannot afford to wait. Its progress cannot be impeded by a bootstrap economy.

It is in the field of agriculture, which must be lifted from its retarded state, that Mexico will have to center the investment of capital. But here the situation presents a major problem. The country's agriculture, based as it is on the ejido, or community land-tenure, and being financed by government operated banks, does not provide a feasible opening for direct private investment. Since, however, the capacity of these banks falls far below the urgent need of a total agricultural modernization, it becomes evident that a way will have to be encountered which, without conflicting with the established land-tenure system, may yet provide the means of secure and profitable private investment.

Thus the future influx of foreign capital will be determined mainly by the solution of this problem.

Jealousy

By Kim Schee

DOÑA Luisa had been suspicious of her husband, Don Carlos, for even ten years. She had reason to be. He was a good provider, and yet he never attempted to work. He never stayed at home nights, and when he did he slept in the tool shed. But what made her really suspicious of her husband was the indisputable fact that he spent practically all of his time in Señorita Rodriguez's grocery store without in any way contributing to its welfare. As a matter of fact, he did nothing but sit on a chair all day long and play dominoes with Señorita Rodriguez's invalid brother, Don Francisco. This, of course, might be considered a contribution by those who didn't know Don Francisco, but those who did were under no such illusion. Don Francisco, in truth, was not an invalid but like Doña Luisa's husband incurably lazy. Señorita Rodriguez knew this and accepted it philosophically. She was not wealthy but passionately fond of Doña Luisa's husband.

At this point you will probably say that all of Doña Luisa's suspicions about her husband were patently confirmed, when a suspicion is confirmed it is no longer a suspicion. In this you are absolutely right. But it would be short-sighted to go further and say that Doña Luisa was, under the circumstances, a fool for continuing to be suspicious. For this suspicion, which was, of course, impelled by an uncontrollable jealousy, was the only interest left to Doña Luisa. It was the tiny axis on which her life revolved. Apart from this she had no contact with the world or a husband whom she had passionately loved and now passionately hated.

During the lonely course of her married life, Doña Luisa had borne six children, all of them legitimate. They ranged in ages from seven to fourteen, and all of them were uncommonly adept at spying. They worked on two shifts. The younger ones worked in the morning, the older ones in the afternoon. At night they would sit around the supper table and between bites of beans and tortillas related to their mother down to the smallest detail what they had heard or seen at Señorita Rodriguez's grocery store.

At first Señorita Rodriguez resented such obvious espionage. She mentioned it several times to Don Carlos, who in turn relayed it to his wife. But Doña Luisa on such occasions remained tight-lipped and sullen, which so exasperated Don Carlos that he soon stopped protesting. It was the same with divorce. For years Don Carlos had unsuccessfully tried to get a divorce. So finally he made up his mind that his wife's idiosyncrasies were providential and thus to be endured with infinite patience and resignation—an attitude, incidentally, which was not in the least foreign to Don Carlos's character and very useful as far as his relations with Señorita Rodriguez were concerned.

Now life might have flowed on very tranquilly for everyone had it not been for one of those singular acts of fate. It happened this way.

One evening Doña Luisa's children blithely announced at supper that Don Carlos and Señorita Rodriguez were planning to take a stroll to the cemetery that very evening. Doña Luisa's curiosity was aroused. Just why should they take a stroll to the cemetery

Continued on page 64



OIL.

By Carlos Orozco Romero.

In Search of a Journey

By Sybille Bedford

It is high morning. We wake to a fawn-coloured desert of sun-baked clay and stone. This is indeed a clean slate, a bare new world constructed of sparse ingredients—here and there a tall cactus like a candle, adobe huts homogeneous like mole-hills, and always one man, walking, alone, along a ridge with a donkey.

We are headed South and we are climbing. Slowly, slowly the train winds upwards on to plateau of the Sierra Madre. Presently there are some signs of Mexican life, a promiscuity of children, pigs and lean dogs grubbing about the huts in the dust. How do they exist? There does not seem to be a thing they could possibly eat growing in this aridity.

E. and I had been released early this morning. The turn-key appeared, beckoned, led us up the train and to a couple of upper berths in a sleeping-car. Ours not to reason why. We did not go into the pinciples of abstract justice; he held the ladder, we climbed into out hunks and sank into sleep. Now we find ourselves among a carful of fair boys and girls in trim shorts and crisp summer dresses. It is a private car chartered by a New Orleans school for a holiday. An officer from Monterrey and two overdressed Mexican ladies have also been pushed into their privacy. These handsome, mannerly Southerners and their chaperons are taking it like angels.

The first stop is a town called Saltillo. It is the center of one of those enormous territories stretching from the U.S. frontier roughly to the Tropic of Cancer; the States of Coahuila, Chihuahua, Baja California, Sonora and Durango, which are the limbo and ante-room to Mexico. Chihuahua alone is the size of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, the others amount to a good chunk of Western Europe. Between them, the population is rather less than that of the city of Birmingham; which means that there is just about one person to every barren square mile. It is hot, stony, dry country, almost without rivers or rain, part desert, part mountain, part mining district. Innocent of art and architecture, yet innocent also of the amenities, these states are a kind of natural poor relations to the Western American ones across the border, and a reminder that a very large portion of the earth's surface is, if not uninhabitable, unattractive to inhabit. Some are born there, no one goes to



Bas-relief.

By Winifred Duncan.

Sahuaripa or Santa María del Oro except to drill a shaft, lay a railway or quell a rebellion.

We all get out on to a long dusty platform covered with Indios selling things to eat—men and women squatting on the ground over minute charecoal braziers stirring some dark stew in earthenware pots, boys with structures of pancakes on their heads, children dragging clusters of mangoes and bananas. There is no noise. Everything is proffered silently if at close quarters. Wherever I turn there is a brown hand holding up a single round white cheese on a leaf.

In the crush I collide with a Negro lady with pince-nez from the train, and apologize.

"You Bristish? Pardon me, is this fruit safe?"

"Oh, I should think so. I'd peel it though."

"My, isn't this terrible?" she said. "These poor people—and did you see those huts this morning? Weren't they something? At home you wouldn't find white trash and low-down niggers live that way. I'd like to tell Mrs. Roosevelt about it."

All through the pleasant lazy day, the slow southward climb; and, gradually, with it, the country unfolds, ingredients multiply. There are trees now, rain-washed, and fields; young corn growing in small patches on the slopes; and a line and another line of mountains, delicate on the horizon.

This is the state with the name of a saint, San Luis Potosí. Already there are glimpses, too fragmentary, of churches and ruins. We are still sealed in our air-cooling, but on the platforms between coaches one can stand and breathe the warm live air of summer. At any moment now we shall be passing unrecorded, the Tropic of Cancer. It is here that we

enter the Tierra Templada, the mild lands, and it is here that the known Mexico begins, the Mexico of the wonderful climate, the Mexico of History and Archaeology, the Traveler's Mexico. Here, between the Twenty-second Parallel and the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, between the Pacific and the Gulf, on the Mesa, in the two Sierras, down on the hot strips of Coast and the flats of Yucatan: everything happened—the Aztecs and the Conquest, the Silver-rush and Colonial Spain, the Inquisition and the War of Independence, the Nineteenth Century of Revolutions and Hacienda Life, of the Church Rampant and the Church at Bay; General Santa Anna, always treacherous, always defeated, rattling his wooden leg for office, and Juarez tough with robespierrean obstinacy and virtue; the shadowy reign of Maximilian and the harsh, prosperous reign of Diaz; Civil War, Banditry, Partition of the Land, President Calles and President Cardenas, the Oil rush and the March of U.S. Time. Pyramids, Colonial Architecture, Railways, Riviera Villas and Provincial Opera Houses, the Arts and Crafts, Conducted Tours by Wells Fargo and the arrival of Coca-Cola. Here it is then, the heartland of Mexico, the oldest country in the New World, where Montezuma hived in flowered splendour among the lily-ponds, and volcanoes of Tenochtitlan; where an arbitrary, meticulous and inhuman set of concepts was frozen into some of the world's most terrifying piles of stone; where Cortés walked a year into the unknown, the blank unmeasured ranges of no return, with a bravery inconceivable in an age of doubt; where the silver was discovered that built the Armada, and the Spanish Viceroy and Judges sat stiff with gold and dignities, wifeless, among the wealth and waste and procrastination of New Spain; where the law's delay meant four years' wait for a letter from Madrid, where the plaster images of angels wore Aztec feathers, where bishops burnt mathematical data in public places and priests started a Boston Tea Party because they might not breed silk-worms; where highwaymen shared their spoils with cabinet ministers, where a Stendhalian Indian Second-Lieutenant had himself crowned Emperor at the age of twenty-four, and Creole ladies went to Mass covered in diamonds leading pet leopards; where nuns lived and died for eighty years in secret cupboards; where squires were knifed in silence at high noon, and women in crinolines sat at banquet among the flies at Vera Cruz to welcome the Austrian Archduke who had come to pit the liberalism of enlightened princes against powers he neither understood nor suspected while the messengers of treason sped already along the uncertain roads; where at the Haciendas the family sat down to dinner thirty every day but the chairs had to be brought in from the bedrooms, where the peon's yearly wage was paid in small copper coin and the haciendado lost his crop in louis d'or in a week at Monte; where the monuments to the devouring sun are indestructible, where baroque facades are writ in sandstone, and the markets are full of tourists and beads.

Everything happened, and little was changed. There was the confusion, glitter and violence of shifting power but the birth-and death-rates remained unchecked. Indians, always other Indians, move and move about the unending hills with great loads upon their backs, sit and stare in the market-place, hour into hour, then cluster into one of their sudden pilgrimages and slowly swarm over the countryside in a massed crawl in search of a new face of the Mother of God.

* * *

Someone has come in to say that we shall be in Mexico City some time tomorrow morning and not

very late after all. Everybody is getting restless. I have laid out a patience on a table kindly cleared for me by the rightful occupants. Two boys are dithering by the sides of my seat. They are terribly polite.

"Please, M'am, what kind of cards are these?"

They are very small patience cards that used to be made in Vienna before the war, and I dare say are made there again.

"Have you ever seen such cute cards, Jeff? Aren't they cute? Come and look at these cute cards, Fleecy-May. Miss Carter, M'am, come and look at these cards, have you ever seen such cute cards, Miss Carter, M'am?"

"Now Braxton, you must not disturb the lady."

"What kind of solitaire is this, M'am?"

"Miss Milligan." It is almost my favourite patience and it hardly ever comes out. It needs much concentration.

"My Crandpa does one just like that."

"Oh the Jack, M'am! The Jack of Diamonds on the Black Ten."

"The Jack doesn't go on the Ten, Dope, the Jack goes on the Queen. Doesn't the Jack go on the Queen, M'am?"

"Braxton Bragg Jones, will you leave the lady alone," says Miss Carter.

"Oh, not at all," I say, "it's perfectly all right. Please."

It does not come out. I could still use the privilege of waiving, but Braxton Bragg and Jefferson are beginning to get bored with Miss Milligan. I am shamed into starting something quick and simple with a spectacular lay-out.

As the train moves through the evening, the country grows more and more lovely, open and enriched. There are oxen in the fields, mulberry trees make garlands on the slopes, villages and churches stand out pink and gold in an extraordinarily limpid light as though the windows of our carriage were cut in crystal.

I start a conversation—so good for one's Spanish—with the officer from Monterrey. Our exchange of the civilities takes this form.

"Where do you come from?" I am asked.

"America."

"This is America."

"From North America."

"This is North America."

"From the United States."

"These are the United States, Estados Unidos Mexicanos."

"I see. Oh dear. Then the Señora here," I point to E., "is what? Not an American? Not a North American? What is she?"

"Yanqui. La Señora es Yanqui."

"But only North Americans are called Yankees... I mean only Americans from the North of the United States... I mean only North Americans from the States... North Americans from the North... I mean only Yankees from the Northern States are called Yankees."

"¿Por favor?"

In happier times it used to be one's custom to read about a country before one went there. One made out a library list, consulted learned friends, then buckled down through the winter evenings. This time I did nothing of the sort. Yet there is a kind of jumbled residue, I find that at one time and another, here and there, I must have read a certain amount about Mexico. The kind of books that come one's way through the years, nothing systematic or, except for Madame Calderon, recent. Prescott's Conquest when I was quite young, and by no means all of it. Cortez' letters. Volumes on Maximilian and Carlota, none of

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Mural Detail.

By Ryah Ludine.

Labor and Social Security

By Tomme Clark Call

PRE-REVOLUTIONARY Mexico had nothing resembling an organized labor movement, though an industrial-worker class had begun to develop, largely in foreign-owned enterprises, the railroads, mines, and mills. Peons from the haciendas were recruited into a system amounting to slavery. Debt, acquired through the unaudited company store and paying for company hovels, kept a worker and his children and their children in bondage permanently, with four to six pesos a week (minus fines) paid for a twelve-to fourteen-hour day. The penal code blocked organization or strikes, and even petitions were punishable. Mexicans were seldom more than unskilled laborers in their native industries. Resisting workers were sometimes slaughtered in cold blood, or indirectly executed by imprisonment in the deadly San Juan de Ulloa dungeons, or shipped to work and probable death in the tierra caliente. Death and injury were not compensated. A few benevolent societies tried to struggle toward effective organization, but were of no consequence. There was an acute labor surplus; workers were expendable. One or two

governors approved weak labor laws, but they were ineffectual. That was the Diaz system which the Revolution overturned, and the memories of it colored deeply the Mexican labor movement to follow.

Radical labor journals, for the most part weeklies, sprang up after the turn of the century, perhaps the most influential being "Regeneración," published by Ricardo Flores Magon. Flores Magon started something of a labor movement around 1906, with his Liberal Party's abortive revolutionary plan for labor reform. Stimulated by this plan, textile workers in Veracruz, Tlaxcala, and Puebla formed a *Circulo de Obreros Libres*, or organization of free workers, who touched off a series of tragically ineffective strikes. They, like the Cananea (Sonora) miners the same year, were forcefully subjugated.

Worker groups, like the Club Antireeleccionista de Obreros Benito Juarez in Mexico City, assisted the Madero movement. Madero's labor reform ideas, nevertheless, were quite mild by subsequent standards. In fact, none of his public pronouncements even mentioned the labor problem until after Diaz' resignation.

He then made it clear that he viewed the problem as one for solution through social evolution, to be achieved by labor's own efforts with mild governmental support.

Madero, however, did promote labor organization and established a Department of Labor in the Federal Government. His administration also inaugurated the official attitude of governmental paternalism toward the labor movement that continues today. Furthermore, a labor-management settlement of a textile industry dispute in 1912, through governmental mediation, contained pro-labor provisions foreshadowing Article 123 of the 1917 Constitution, labor's Magna Carta in Mexico. The Madero government was formulating comprehensive labor legislation by the time of its overthrow.

Labor, bitter and inexperienced, made little material progress under Madero, however, and flew off on ideological tangents. The Casa del Obrero Mundial became a socialist propaganda center. Spanish anarcho-syndicalism and United States Industrial Workers of the World ideas had seeped in, along with the theoretical socialism of some Mexican intellectuals. Huerta's counter-revolution closed the Casa and blocked the union movement. However, as Carranza made his bid for power, General Obregon enlisted the aid of an electrical worker who was to become Mexico's first national labor leader, Luis Morones, who supplied 'red battalions' in return for promises of later governmental support for the organized labor movement. The reward, despite a subsequent Morones-Carranza feud, was Article 123 of the Queretaro Constitution.

With perhaps no more than 30,000 unionized workers in the land and only one important labor representative in the convention—Jose Macias, who had studied labor law in the United States and borrowed ideas from a half dozen other industrialized lands—labor was handed the charter of a highly privileged class. The charter had no native roots, save hate of dictatorship and resentment toward dominant foreign capital, and it was unprecedented anywhere outside Mexico. It was a strange document in some ways, enhancing the power of the state—as unions were to be its creatures—and putting union privileges in conflict with individual civil and property rights guaranteed by the same constitution. It was no more than a broad promise, however, to be redeemed by federal and state legislation, until today but partly effected. But that did not matter, because to the oppressed worker it was the declaration of a millennium.

Article 123 set these future standards: an eight-hour, six day week; equal pay for equal work; no child labor; double pay for limited overtime; no debt peonage; rent and housing controls; safe and hygienic working conditions; compulsory accident and sick benefits; validated social security; required dispensaries and schools; right to organize and strike; three-months' severance pay; protections for motherhood; minimum wages and profit sharing, and regulated layoffs for production suspension. Boards of conciliation and arbitration—with employees, employer, and government equally represented—were to settle disputes.

In 1918, Morones captured control of a Saltillo convention designed to form a Carranza-controlled labor movement and created the first Mexican national federation of labor unions, the Confederacion Regional Obrera Mexicana, or C.R.O.M. It was a craft-union organization which abandoned syndicalism to follow the structural model of the American Federation of Labor. C.R.O.M.'s Grupo Accion, the powerful Morones-led central governing body, organized in the following year a Mexican Labor Party and backed Obregon's presidential candidacy. Though the early Mexican labor leaders borrowed Samuel Gompers' form

of organization, they ignored one of his guiding principles when they jumped into politics with both feet.

During the Obregon and Calles administration, the C.R.O.M. came to dominate the labor movement; and Morones, a Calles Cabinet member, rose to the status of labor czar. With the state's power behind him, Morones crushed rival unions by having their strikes declared illegal and raiding the organizations thus rendered helpless. The local political, company, and Catholic unions were never rivals of any consequence.

Morones raised the boards of conciliation and arbitration to arbitrary judicial power by pressuring a Supreme Court decision to that effect, and the labor and government representatives consistently overruled the boards' employer members with light regard for the technical merits of cases. Make-work and other rackets approached wholesale extortion, and technical progress was blocked, misguided, in the interests of job protection. Morones and his lieutenants, by then more indirect partners of management and professional politicians than socialists, luxuriated in wealth while labor's real interests languished.

Morones' power oppressed union members, enforced government collusion and judicial subservience to his clique's ends, and harassed business and industry at all levels. No United States labor leader ever held such power or abused his power more. C.R.O.M. claimed a ten-year growth from a few thousand to some 2½ millions; but it never controlled the peasant leagues it claimed, and dues-paying members remained less than twenty thousand. Nor were labor's real gains such as to offer any excuse for the abuses by which Morones and henchmen grew fat in office. In most respects, Article 123 remained an idle dream.

President Portes Gil crushed the Morones-Grupo Accion-C.R.O.M. labor dictatorship and favored the radical and independent unions, some of which had fallen under the spreading influence of Russian Communism. Without government support, C.R.O.M. was smashed in the internecine labor strife, and then the Callistas turned on the victors, preventing growth of a new federation and jailing or exiling Communist and other radical leaders. Portes Gil, however, did push toward federal enforcement of labor's Article 123. His purpose was embodied in the 1931 labor code, the foundation for Mexico's modern organized labor movement and related official policy.

As the Callista regime faded and left-wing pressure grew during the depression-years administrations of Presidents Ortiz Rubio and Abelardo Rodriguez, the intensely intellectual Marxist, Vicente Lombardo Toledano—an anti-Morones C.R.O.M. faction leader and university professor—came on the labor scene. He organized the General Confederation of Workers and Peasants (C.G.O.C.) in 1932 and achieved national leadership as secretary of the Confederacion de Trabajadores de Mexico, organized in 1936. The C.T.M. abandoned craft for industrial unionism and established friendly relations with John L. Lewis' similar C.I.O. in the United States. Cardenas had divorced the trade unions from the peasant organizations to prevent a power combine that might have challenged his governmental leadership.

When the Roosevelt administration's Good Neighbor Policy relieved the threat of any forcible Washington intervention in Latin American affairs, Cardenas and Lombardo Toledano pushed labor's campaign against foreign capital, precipitating expropriation of the oil industry and nationalization of the railroads. Labor management of those industries was a collectivist experiment soon abandoned, however; but Lombardo Toledano's far-left sympathies caused many foreign observers to see Red whenever they viewed the Mexican labor scene under Cardenas. A major labor

gain in 1939 was a law compelling social security provisions for invalidism, accidents, sickness, and unemployment, and requiring schools, housing, infirmaries, and public services in company towns and some large industries. Cardenas put considerable meat on the Article 123 skeleton.

The Avila Camacho administration swung the pendulum back to the center, if not to the right, and Lombardo Toledano ousted from C.T.M. control, though he continued to wield considerable intellectual influence along with his partly successful efforts, begun in 1938, to build a Latin American labor federation. Government favoritism for the labor movement lessened as Avila Camacho—and even more so, as the subsequent Aleman administration—strived to encourage the new economic policy of industrialization, which demanded increasing attractions for foreign as well as domestic capital.

Though the Mexican labor movement is far from unified today, the C.T.M. now speaks for the majority of organized labor in a non-agricultural labor force that accounts for nearly a half of all the gainfully employed. Accredited union statistics are not available, but C.T.M. and the independent unions now embrace a large share of Mexico's more than 3 million non-agricultural workers, and no doubt the bulk of more than a million industrial laborers. Though there is a surplus of unskilled labor, skilled labor is in short supply, but conveniently concentrated in a few urban industrial centers. These conditions favor tight union organization.

Generally speaking, Mexico's newer and smaller industrial managements have come to view union organization and collective bargaining as right and necessary and to work toward labor-management co-operation, while the old-line industrialists with memories of the Morones and Lombardo Toledano eras largely remain hostile. The Camara Nacional de la Industria de Transformacion—the national manufacturing chamber usually regarded as representing industrialization's more progressive element—joined with C.T.M. in a 1945 labor-management pact to further economic development. Later the two groups for-

mulated apparently workable, voluntary mediation machinery to try to effect peaceful settlement of disputes before they reach the government's arbitration boards.

Labor's C.T.M. also appears willing to go along with management's C.N.I.T. on protective tariffs which, though hurtful to the consumer, are deemed essential to industrial development and job creation. Labor favors more government intervention to industrialize the national economy than does management, but labor cannot be said to be anti-private enterprise as was formerly often charged, and with considerable reason. Labor leaders remain suspicious of foreign capital investment in Mexico, but so far they have accepted, with reservations, governmental assurances of adequate safeguards against a return to Diaz-type exploitation. Labor generally supported the defense effort in World War II and appeared to be strongly behind the Aleman administration's anti-Communist support of current hemispheric mutual-defense solidarity. But in 1951, Mexican labor still had not joined the World Confederation of Free Trade Unions or its regional organization, favored by A. F. of L. leaders in answer to Russian Communism's international labor conspiracies. The door was left open to Mexican labor. Some Mexican union leaders, however, are friendly with the Peron-controlled unions of Argentina, which were not admissible to W.C.F.T.U. and backed a Latin America Labor Unity Commission. And a few still follow Lombardo Toledano and his Latin American Confederation of Labor. There is co-operation, to be sure, with the International Labor Organization.

Though socialist ideologies still strongly influence Mexican labor-leader thought, Communist infiltration is not considered serious. The Mexican Communist Party in 1951 apparently had less than 30,000 registered members, too few to meet ballot requirements, and was denied official recognition anyway as a political party by the Secretaria de Gobernacion on 12 September. The Aleman administration repeatedly revealed its determination to squelch even that small minority, whenever it stepped outside legal bounds.

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Rebirth

By Mary L. Inman

UNCEASINGLY the generations rise
 Springing afresh from Time's abundant womb,
 Leaping, with happy cries,
 With laughter, with delight
 At everything that meets their roving sight;
 Building with joy new constructs of the mind,
 Undarkened by our dolorous history.

Old ones, stand back—make room!
 Lift up your heavy eyes
 To this perennial, ageless mystery
 Of birth, that cleaves bright highways
 Through an earth with shadows hung;
 Take heart and see
 How, in the infant image of mankind
 And endless generations yet to be,
 The world is always young!

Patterns of an Old City

THE BASIC PARADOX

By Howard S. Phillips

LOOK, Don Erasmo said, "everything tends to grow smaller with time. It is, I believe, what the economists call the law of diminishing returns. You probably would not believe it, looking at me as I am now, that when I was your age I tipped the scales at ninety kilos and was as tall as you are. Now a wind could blow me away like a dead leaf in autumn."

Dawson's eyes took a fleeting glance at the old man's shrivelled body wrapped in the folds of an ancient woolen robe and settled on his mobile twiglike hands. Yes, he thought, death is a gradual process of physical diminution. Life, if it runs its full span, if it is not cut short by an untimely end, reduces itself day by day, it withers, wastes, warps and contracts, so that death receives only its final physical remnant.

"Yes," Don Erasmo resumed. "It is man's sustaining delusion that time means growth, that the sphere of his existence, his possessions, his personal deeds on earth, gain in amplitude with time. It is something he retains from childhood—the yearning to get bigger, to grow up. But time makes everything grow smaller—men's bodies, men's hearts and minds, even the world itself." His voice, hollow and faltering, had yet a trace of former robust resonance. It seemed strange to Dawson that a voice like that could come from such a totally emaciated body; it seemed uncanny that such clear thought could stem from such a weakened head.

It was not easy for Dawson to follow the old man's thoughts, for his college Spanish was rather limited and he naturally did his own thinking in English. And yet he understood him fully. In some peculiar way the words uttered in an alien tongue bore an immediate impact. They assailed his mind with the palpable substance of ultimate truth. And the truth, though uttered impersonally, in abstract generalizations, was profoundly disturbing for it seemed to be specifically directed at himself. It seemed as if the old man's faded dark eyes, sunk deep in their ragged yellow lids, clairvoyantly perceived the very things he sought to hide within himself and to forget, the things which so often burdened his mind with unanswered interrogations, the very things from which he sought to run away.

The old man's words disturbed him deeply; he felt uneasy in his presence. His great age, his portentous other-worldly talk, the dark and mysterious something that flowed out of him, weighed upon his spirit. And yet, at least two or three times each week, whenever he was sated with reading or grew weary of tramping about the streets, he joined him in the sunny corner of the patio or even ventured to knock on the door of his room to seek admission.

And sitting in a bumpy old leather chair inside this spacious disorderly bedroom, cluttered with too much furniture, with books and a nondescript variety of useless objects, hearing Don Erasmo talk, watching his cadaverous face grow animate, his twiglike hands punctuating his words with minute graphic gestures, endeavouring to make an occasional adequate retort, Dawson was possessed by a weird confusing emotion, by a vague ambivalent sense of oppression as well as relief, as if he were actually rendering a confession and receiving comforting counsel.

"The world," Don Erasmo continued, "has grown so small, and man in his self-delusive pursuit of great-

ness has grown so small in heart and mind that he may yet some day convert it into a falling star by setting off a bomb."

"Then," Dawson said, cautiously arranging his words, "it is only through his ability to recognize his own smallness that man may hope to attain a measure of greatness."

Don Erasmo nodded pensively. "That is an interesting paradox. It is the underlying thesis of all theologies. But has man ever truly grasped the essence of this paradox? No. After thousands of years he has failed to grasp its truth. In his pursuit of greatness he has learned many things—too many things—so many that his brain has become a kind of monster. But he has not learned to comprehend the essence of this paradox."

* * *

Throughout such dialogues Dawson never fully surmised that his bewildered emotions largely ensued from a sense of frustration. For in hating the world and his own drab and trivial existence in it—hating it unconsciously, without ever acknowledging it to himself—he came to Mexico hoping to find a brief respite, a temporary escape and withdrawal, and now he was ruthlessly brought back to it by Don Erasmo, brought back ineluctably, with a savage force.

He purposely chose room and board in the Mendizabal household in preference to putting up at a hotel, so as to avoid needless chance encounters, so as to enjoy a transitory hermitage. And during the first few weeks, save for the indispensable amenities of table conversation, Dawson managed to preserve his seclusion. Little by little, however, largely through the strange attraction Don Erasmo presently came to exert upon him, this seclusion was broken.

He had met the old man at the dining table, and though he was mildly curious about him, he had no desire to cultivate with him a closer acquaintance. Then, one morning, as he was about to leave for a walk, the old man, resting on the terrace, invited him to sit down at his side. "Though you pay for your food and lodging," he said, "you are a guest in this house, and I hope that you are being treated accordingly."

Dawson thanked him and assured him that he was quite content with the way he was being treated, that he actually felt like a guest.

"That is fine," the old man said. "That is fine. You see, we have always been accustomed to having guests in this house. We have ample room. When I built it nearly fifty years ago I planned it to be large enough for all our needs with room to spare, so that we could always share it with some visiting relative or friend. But since my daughter Laura was left a widow with four children, who were then too young to earn a living, and with myself having years ago retired from any gainful pursuit, she has bolstered her income from the modest estate her husband left her by accepting pay for hospitality. Which, of course, in view of the circumstances, is quite inevitable."

"Usually there are three or four guests in the house, mostly Americans like yourself, but for the time being you are the only one. We are accustomed to the presence of strangers in this house. It complements our own existence. And as to myself, it keeps

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Hill-Country

Maternity

By John W. Hilton

THE sketch of Antonita and her baby was the beginning of a painting which I called, "Brush Country Madonna." I used this particular young mother for the model, because she was so typical of the women of the back-country villages. Proud of their offspring, faithful to their husbands, and with a bearing like queens, these women face life, and its pains and problems with a fortitude beyond our comprehension.

The baby's name was Jesus; for he was the first son. Antonita was so very happy with him. She would sit for hours under the ramada, swing his hammocklike cradle with her foot, as she sewed little shirts for him to wear when he was old enough to walk. She would sing low, to her little son, to the rhythm of the swinging cradle; and nod a cheery greeting to us, as we passed. She carried him with her down to the arroyo, when she went for water; and came back with the child on her hip, and the five-gallon olla of water on her head. When she washed the clothes in the big pool, she would lie, and coo at the motes in the sunbeams that filtered down through the cypress branches.

Antonita's husband, frankly, was not much, even by village standards. He did not plant all of his corn-field; and when he harvested it, he sold most of the crop and went to Alamos, leaving her and the baby at home. All he ever brought back was a terrific hangover, and an evil temper; but Antonita never rebelled. It wasn't customary. Friends had warned her against marrying this worthless fellow. They told her he only wanted her because she happened to be the prettiest girl in the village. They said he would soon tire of her, and find another, when her youth started to fade. They even prophesied that he wouldn't keep enough corn and beans in the house; but Antonita was young and in love. Her man was the finest dancer in the country; and he could ride a horse across the village square on its hind feet. He was a good-looking devil, too, and kept his horse and himself well groomed.

Now that she was married to him, a great many of the prophecies of her skeptical friends and relatives were coming true, but to offset these she had little Jesus. He was the light of her life. She probably hoped, and prayed to the Virgin, that her wayward mate would settle down at the next planting season, like the other men in the village; but she never indicated, by word or action, that she was unhappy or discontented with her lot.

She didn't need to tell us when her corn was all gone. The gossips of the neighborhood took care of that. We figured how much it would cost to keep the family (from the village store), until the green corn was ready to pick; and that was what I paid her for posing for the painting.

There was no simpering and compliment-fishing from Antonita, when I told her that I wanted to paint her picture with her baby. She didn't say, as American



Oil.

By J. Guerrero Galván.

women I know would have said: "Really now, I never thought of myself as a subject for a painting. What in the world do you see in me?" She was proud that I had chosen her and her baby, and agreed as simply and naturally to posing as she would have to making a palm-leaf basket. I paid her a little in advance. Later, we could hear the pat-pat of her busy hands in the kitchen making tortillas for her family. We felt a little better about Antonita.

The painting was finally done; and we had to leave the village for a couple of weeks. When we came back, we heard that little Jesus was very ill. It was the summer diarrhea, that takes so many. She smiled a wan smile when we stopped to see how they were; but there was a tragic resignation in her eyes, that almost broke our hearts. We wondered what we could do. The next morning we heard the sound of fire-crackers in the village; and there was a crowd at Antonita's house. We knew that the only thing left for us to do was to bring a bundle of candles to burn around the little cradle that night.

A few days after the funeral, we stopped by to see Antonita and discover if there was any way we could help. It was a pretty tough situation to handle. Her husband was off drinking away his sorrows, with some friends. The village gossips had already informed us that as soon as we left he had taken the money earned from her posing, and bought mesquite. There had been no corn, no beans, no coffee; nothing to cook but the pigweeds that had come up with the first rains. These weeds are excellent greens, and I have enjoyed them more than any other green vegetable in Sonora; but a straight diet of them causes a violent diarrhea, that can become pretty serious. A few days of this sort of food, and Antonita was sick. A few more days, and her milk had made the baby sick. That was why she had lost her first-born son.

We commissioned her to make us some palm-leaf baskets, and paid her in advance. Then we sat; and she talked. Most mothers, newly bereaved, would have kept silence; but Antonita wanted to talk.

"He is a little angel now," she smiled, "with no more worries in the world. He can play at the foot-

stool of God, and when his mother is unhappy, I am sure he will look down and intercede; for God so loves the little angels."

She continued with her beliefs. They were the things she had been taught, about life and death. She kept on talking, with an urgency that indicated how desperately she needed to believe these things. She wanted to hear them again and again. She must believe them, if she was to go on. Her tired face already looked ten years older.

She talked, then, of all the superstitions and practices pertaining to childbearing, when she found that we were interested. It was good for her to talk. She told us many things in her straightforward manner, without embarrassment or self-consciousness.

A birth in a Sonora village is an event of importance. Everyone knows when it is expected, and gathers round to get in the way of the midwives during the process. Mothers who live through the ordeal of childbirth, as Antonita described it, are real women.

Prenatal care, it seems, consists largely of a great many things that the expectant mother must avoid. From the first month that she fails to wear her black skirt, she must try never to look at a snake. The sight of a snake may give the child a terrible disposition. She must drink very little water, and bathe no more in the arroyo. She must not, under any circumstances, dance; but it is all right to carry water, or work in the field, up to the day of delivery, and within a week after.

It is considered very good to boil the wedding ring in rain water, once a month; and drink the water. This is to prevent a miscarriage. Another preventative is to wear a red cloth tied next to the skin, over the abdomen. Prayers and candles to the Virgin are extra-important at this time; and care should be taken not to offend any of the saints, as they may become vindictive. She must avoid seeing or being around crippled or deformed children, as it might "mark" her child. Many such beliefs are shared, even today, in some of our own rural communities.

There are always the special occasions to be considered, such as an eclipse of the moon, during pregnancy. If such a thing occurs, the family and neighbors beat on pans and make all the noise they can, while they march the expectant mother around the house three times; then, she must throw water over her left shoulder onto the roof. This will prevent the child from having a harelip, or stammering. If the eclipse is a complete one, the situation is more serious. Unless considerable fuss is raised and firecrackers are fired during the total blackout, the child will be born a lunatic.

The actual delivery is usually rather simple, and inexpensive. The midwife charges three pesos for her services, and possibly another two for an assistant. If the family can afford it, and the midwife approves, there is the additional cost of a bottle of olive oil, and some quinine, to be administered the day before.

All sorts of "aids" are used in delivery. Such simple things as ropes, for the woman to pull against; small-mounted gourds, to blow into, and large rocks in the bed, as braces for her feet, are some of the most common. We were even told of the Indian system, where they suspend the woman from four padded ropes, in a squatting position. The ropes, under her arms and knees, are brought together and tied to a single rope, that is thrown over the ridgepole of the house. A blanket is stretched tight, three feet below the patient; and when the pains begin, the rope is snubbed around the pole. With each pain, the woman is raised about eighteen inches, and allowed to drop that distance; to be stopped, suddenly, by the tension of the rope. About three such drops, properly timed, and a "champagne-cork delivery" results. Someone catches the baby, when it strikes the stretched blanket. This method is a little rugged, but very efficient. It certainly doesn't prolong the agony to the extent of some "civilized" births I have witnessed.

The midwife cauterizes the umbilical cord with a red-hot iron, and wraps the child in several layers

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Facade

By Phyllis G. Cochrane

EVERYTHING tough is soft inside,
 From coconut shell to crocodile hide;
 The porcupine is soft within,
 Tender as webs the spiders spin.
 Rough bark covers the trees' sweet gum,
 While a rock-like shell is the oyster's home;
 But I know not from your hardened eyes
 What central softness within you lies.



Oil.

By Carlos Cresce Romero.

The Four Destructions of the World

By E. Adams Davis

THE Vatican Codex, written in those brightly colored and deftly executed pictures and hieroglyphics of the Aztecs, contains one of the most beautiful of all the ancient Mexican legends. Literally translated, the title signifies "the four cosmogonic days"; more loosely interpreted, "the four periods of the world," for the Aztecs believed that on four different occasions the people of the earth had been destroyed by the irate gods.

The first destruction was by a great deluge of water, the second by a gigantic hurricane, the third by the eruption of volcanoes, and the fourth by the joint action of the four elements—water, air, fire, and earth. The ancient Mexicans therefore called these cosmogonic periods the days of Atonatiuh, the water; Ehecatonatiuh, the air; Tletonatiuh, the fire; and Tlalonatiuh, the earth.

* * *

The earth had lived many many years since its creation. Trees, vegetables, and other plants had spread over its surface, animals had multiplied, and men lived along the seashores and river courses, in the valleys, and on the mountains. But the dwellers of the earth no longer walked in the paths laid down for them by the gods. Therefore, the gods, in anger, held a great council and resolved to destroy all mankind. Chalchiuhtlicue, god of the water, was appointed to carry out the decree.

Chalchiuhtlicue was a very handsome god: he was tall and had a strong, lithe body. On his head was a cap topped with green plumes, and around his throat hung a collar of precious stones supporting a medal of pure gold.

But as he bowed before the council in acceptance of its command, the god of water was not good to look upon. His eyes, which a moment before had been kindly and soft, now seemed charged with lightning, and his whole beautiful and serene countenance assumed a terrible aspect. Raising the banner that agitated the clouds of the sky and made the rains fall, Chalchiuhtlicue saluted the assemblage of gods, then darted away through the sky.

A moment later he alighted in the very peak of a high mountain perpetually covered with snow, while around it icy clouds rolled, constantly driven by strong, cold winds. Here Chalchiuhtlicue rested a moment, then plunged the staff of his banner into the frozen ice and snow. From this vantage he surveyed the world, and what he saw was not pleasing to his eyes or to his heart. Everywhere he witnessed men living in disobedience of the laws of the gods.

But wait! Off in the distance he discovered a man and a woman busily working. Penetrating their souls with his eyes, he saw that they were good people, even though their hut was rudely built and their clothing in rags. They were making pulque, and Chalchiuhtlicue could tell at a glance that the drink was of a quality fit for the gods themselves. With quick strides he raced down the mountain to confront the terrified couple.

"Do not be afraid, my good people," said the god, leaning upon his staff. "But do not make any more pulque. See that mountain? Soon water will pour from its summit, a rush of water which will cover the entire earth. You have little time. Hew down that ahuehuate tree and cut off its very top, that you will find to be hollow. Take these fat knots of pine and light them from your fire and place them in the hol-

low of the trunk. Guard them well, that your fire may not be extinguished. Keep one ear of corn with you to plant after the torrent has passed."

Having spoken these words, Chalchiutlicue disappeared with the speed of the winds up the slopes of the mountain.

Upon reaching the top, he removed his banner from the ice and snow and, taking it in both hands, waved it furiously in all directions.

At the signal, clouds began to gather, soon covering the earth. Mighty winds arose, which Chalchiutlicue agitated until they whirled, twisted, and blew in mighty gales over the mountains, across the broad plains, through the valleys, and across the seas. The wind sounds increased in volume, shrieking and moaning with loudness and intensity. They howled with all the terror of a lost soul, and people ran in frenzied fear, for they realized that all the supernatural powers of the gods rode the winds. Rain began to fall gently at first, then with increasing violence, until it seemed that the very heavens themselves were pouring down upon the world.

Soon the water covered the lower levels of the earth. Men, women, and children fled from it to the higher lands, and then to the mountain slopes, but the rushing water forced them on until the very peaks were reached. They fashioned rafts, which spun crazily in the currents, but in their greed the people had overloaded the rafts with their treasures and they sank beneath the great waves. Cities, towns, fields, all had disappeared. Men wept aloud and cried out to the gods to save them, but the gods remained inflexible in their purpose.

In fear and anguish, some of the people cried out. "Why were we not made fishes, that we might swim through the torrents and not die?"

The gods looked down upon them and laughed, saying, "It is well. You shall all be fishes."

Instantly there were no men struggling to save themselves and their possessions, but only fishes, great and small, of all shapes and colors, swimming madly about.

But the man and woman with whom Chalchiutlicue had spoken were not among these. They had, immediately upon his departure, set about to do as he had told them. They had hewn the ahuehuete tree and found its top to be hollow. They had lighted the fat pine knots, put them carefully into the hollow, and when the first great torrent of water had rushed down the mountainside toward them, they had seated themselves astride the huge trunk of the ahuehuete, which carried them safely over the crests of the flood. The water had rushed into the hollow top of the tree, putting out the fire, but the man had foreseen that this would happen, so he and the woman held blazing torches aloft in their hands which the water did not reach.

At length the flood subsided, and the ahuehuete trunk came to rest near the top of a high mountain. The man and the woman stepped upon the ground, still holding high their torches of fire. Immediately they built a large altar, on which they lighted a great fire in honor of the god of the waters, who had spared them from destruction.

And they became the parents of the new race of men.

* * *

Again the world was populated, and the good earth provided well that man might live in plenty. But it was not long before he again forgot the gods. He neglected the temples and shrines; he made no offerings of the proper sacrifices; he did not keep the holy days. The gods were disturbed, for they had hopes that someday, perhaps, a leader would appear among

the people to lead them back to the ways of their forefathers. Ages passed, but there was no improvement. At last the gods called a great council and in solemn conclave resolved that man must once again be destroyed.

"You, Quetzalcóatl, god of their air," they said, "will this time carry our message."

Quetzalcóatl rose and stood to his full height. He was white-skinned, but his arms, legs, and face were painted black. On his head he wore a cap of finely tanned tiger skin on which were sewn precious stones and which was a golden collar set with gems from the far reaches of the earth. His jacket was white and tight fitting, and from its shoulders waved plumes which had been so colored as to resemble the flames of a bright and intense fire. On his feet were sandals, the tops of which extended above his ankles. In his right hand he carried a gem-crested emblem of office and in his left a brightly painted shield.

Quetzalcóatl set off for the earth and there searched until he found a husband and wife who were pious and godly. When he had found them, he stopped outside their lowly reed hut and listened to their conversation. They were speaking sadly of the passage of the old days when men revered the gods and obeyed them. Quetzalcóatl was pleased. They spoke with such obvious sincerity that he resolved to let them be the couple who should be spared to repopulate the earth after the destruction.

He spoke: "Listen to me, my good people. Now the wind blows from the east, from the very gardens of paradise, but soon it will come from all the points of the horizon and will destroy the whole world. Take your hearth fire with your belongings and go to yonder mountain. A little way up is a path. It leads to a deep cavern, which you must enter and where you must remain until the great winds have died and melted into the atmosphere. Then come forth, rebuild your hut, and live in peace with the gods."

The man and woman recognized Quetzalcóatl's voice as the word of a good, so they made haste to comply with his wishes. The man gathered their most precious belongings into a little bundle and lifted it to his shoulders. The woman filled a brazier with live coals from the hearth, and together they made their way up the mountainside to the cave.

Then Quetzalcóatl, the god of the air, went to the top of the highest mountain from which blew the four winds of the earth and, holding his arms high above his head, called out to the winds, "My faithful servants, the gods have commanded me to destroy all mankind. I entreat you now to raise your wind clouds and blow upon the earth with such terrible and mighty force that every human creature shall be destroyed."

Whereupon the winds obeyed him and began to gather from all points of the firmament, driving all the clouds before them. There were little zephyrs from the woodlands and breezes from the sea; there were clouds such as float in a morning sky; there were clouds of evening and clouds of night. Mightiest of all, there were great rain clouds which gather the moisture of oceans and lakes and feed the earth with life-giving water, and the brooding thunder clouds, black as night, which accompanied the rains and which frightened those who had not offered their sacrifices on the altars of the gods. Swiftly they merged into a single gigantic cloud which covered the earth.

About them danced the winds, softly at first, and then with a mounting fury. Whirlwinds, tempests, cyclones, and hurricanes formed and went thundering across the earth, twisting, turning, rising, falling, carrying with them huge stones, houses, trees—everything that was in their paths. People were lifted by the great winds, to be borne aloft for long distances, then hurled to earth again. Rains fell, and snow, and hail, and all were whipped to and fro by the forces of the

cataclysmic storm. Men ran screaming to the arroyos, to the deep valleys, and into caves, but the winds searched them out and carried their soon lifeless bodies up to the very heavens, only to hurl them down to earth again.

Terrified men cried out in despair, "Oh, that we were animals and might hide in the little caves of the mountains! Then we would be safe!"

"Very well," the gods answered them, and immediately they were transformed into the various animals of the world, which ran with the frightened cries of their kind to hiding places in the mountains and the forests.

Only the man and the woman whom Quetzalcóatl had visited were safe in the cave to which he had sent them. From the coals the woman had brought, they lighted a fire which warmed them from the ice and snow that covered the earth. And they were not afraid, for above the shriek of the winds the voice of the god had come to them, whispering, "Be not afraid, my children; you are safe from the storm."

At last, when the rest of mankind had been destroyed or changed into animals, the storm subsided and the couple came out of the cave to begin man's new life upon the earth.

* * *

Again the centuries passed. Men lived in plenty on the earth, for following the second destruction, the forests and the grasslands were filled with game just as, following the first destruction, the rivers and the seas were filled with fish. And in such rich areas as the Great Valley seed needed only to be thrown on the ground to produce rich harvests. But again men became evil and forgot to keep the altar fires lighted and temples in good repair. So the gods called another conclave and once again determined that man should die. He had previously been destroyed by Chalchiuhtlicue, god of the water, and Quetzalcóatl, god of the air. Slowly the gods scanned the faces of each other. Whom would it be? At last their glances came to rest upon the face of Xiuteuhtlitletl, the god of fire.

He rose to his feet and bowed before the assemblage, saying, "I am obedient to your commands."

The gods looked upon Xiuteuhtlitletl and knew they had chosen well. He had a fierce, warlike face with a skin of yellow hue. On his head was a heavy paper crown of many colors surmounted by several plumes. On his ankles were strings of rattles and bells, at his side, to be held aloft in his left hand, was a large shield adorned with precious stones and covered with brightly colored yellow and orange feathers, which, as the sun shone through them, awayed in the wind like a sea of flame.

Abruptly Xiuteuhtlitletl left the council of the gods and made his way through the heavens to the earth where, disguised as a small flame, he mingled with the people and searched for a couple worthy of being spared to repopulate the earth after its third destruction. At last he paused beside a small hut. Inside, a couple were speaking with regret and dissatisfaction of the ways of the people about them, that they no longer revered the gods or made sacrifices to them in the temples of their fathers.

The tiny flame rose high into the air and descended down the chimney into the hut, where it floated before the astonished couple. The flame spoke: "Oh privileged mortals. Do not waste time in more talk. Do you not hear the increased rumble of the subterranean fires of the earth, and do you know that soon they will break forth from the mountain peaks and engulf all the land? Take a little of your hearth fire and go quickly to a cave which you will find in yonder wood, for there you will be safe from the holocaust which will come."

Whereupon the tiny flame disappeared. The couple knew that it could have been no other thing but a god who had spoken to them, so they hastened to fill a brazier with coals from the hearth and to secure themselves in the cave of which he had told them. They had been in the cave but a moment when there was a strange rumbling and the mouth of the cavern closed mysteriously, leaving them in total darkness, except for the reassuring flicker of the coals within the little brazier.

Then the earth began to tremble and every quiver was more violent than the last, until at last it was no longer possible to say where one tremor ended and another began; all was one vast cataclysmal convulsion.

The people, feeling the earth quake at their feet and seeing the agitated movements of the mountains, fled toward their homes but even as they ran the earth yawned before them and they fell screaming into the crevasses. Everywhere the ground seethed and boiled, so that men could no longer stand or run. Soon the great mountains began to smoke and to belch forth lava and flame. From the very highest of them all, a horrible and terrifying figure arose to strike new terror into the hearts of the people.

"The volcano! The volcano!" screamed the people, "Look!"

And they began to shriek, "Oh, gods in the heavens, come to our aid. Let us be birds, that we may fly over the flame and the smoke into the pure, cool air above."

"Then birds you shall be," replied the gods, and all the people were instantly changed into birds, flying away from the holocaust into the pure, fresh air of the skies.

Then the volcanoes ceased their action. The rivers of fire and lava stood still, and gentle rains cooled the earth once more. Then the man and woman who had been all the while peacefully tending their little fire on the cavern floor, feeding it with twigs and bits of stick, saw the mouth of the cave open again, as mysteriously as it had closed, and they came out into the fire-cleansed world to become the parents of men.

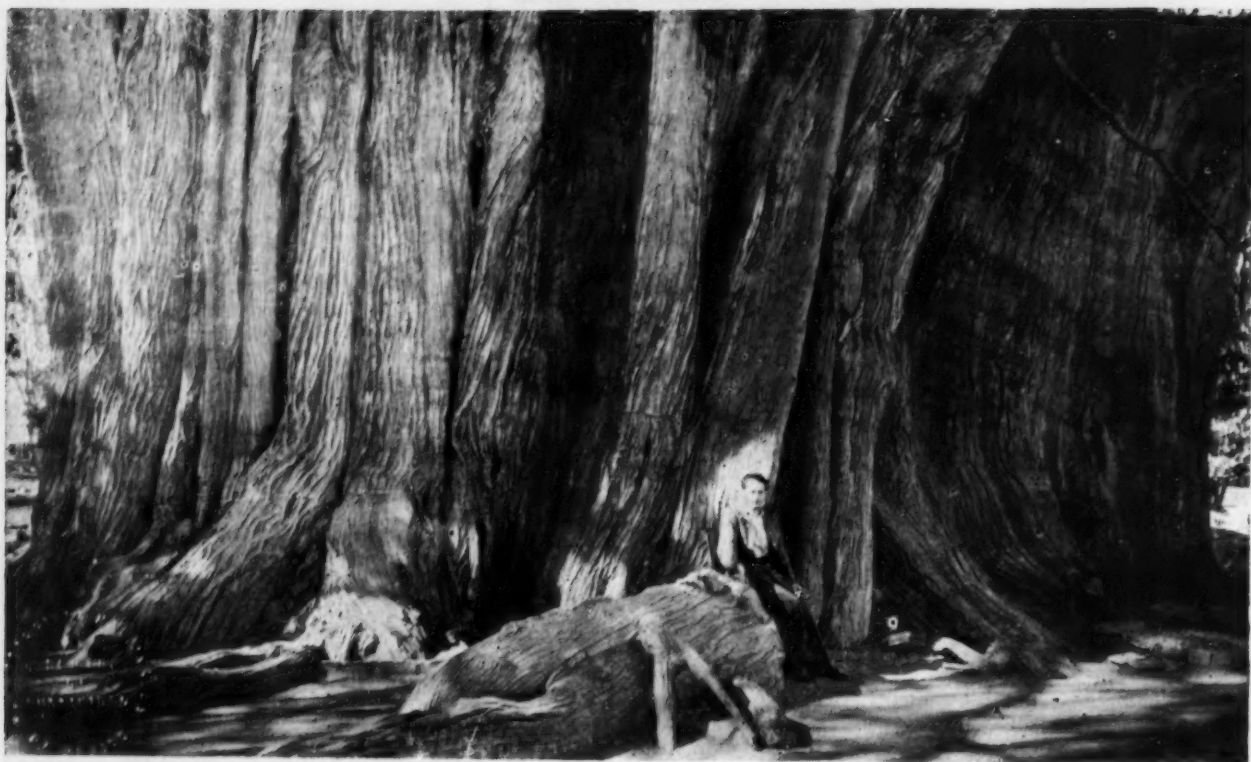
* * *

Soon the surface of the earth was green again and covered with living things. Crops flourished abundantly; animals multiplied; the forests grew and the great ahuehuete trees almost reached the sky; fruits, larger and sweeter than ever before, hung from the bending branches. Man had never before lived so easily or so abundantly.

But the gods, watching from the heights of the sky, saw that not all men gave thanks to the gods for their bounties and strove to please them by sacrifices and obedience to the ancient laws. Still there were some who walked the paths of goodness and worshipped the gods as they had been worshipped in the olden days. The gods held another great conclave and pondered the question of how to save the good men while wreaking destruction upon the bad. At last they chose Chicomecóatl, goddess of the earth, to carry out their bidding, and she accepted the charge, bowing graciously before the circle.

Chicomecóatl was one of the youngest and most beautiful of all the goddesses. She was clothed entirely in red, from her headdress to the sandals on her tiny feet. In her hair were rich plumes, and about her neck and shoulders were chains of gold studded with gems. From one of the chains hung little ears of corn, the symbol of fertility, and in her hands she carried a sheaf of corn, each stalk of which bore two ears. Truly, when Chicomecóatl smiled upon mankind, the land brought forth rich harvests.

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Great Tree of Tula.

Photo. By José A. Rodríguez.

Interlude

By Dane Chendos

I HAD heard that the road to Oaxaca was in bad repair, and since anyway I don't like motoring long distances alone, I drove down to Tehuacán, a flat, uninteresting place, noted for its mineral waters, where I left the car and boarded the train. It is a run of about eight hours through varied but not very interesting country. We arrived punctually, with the result that there was no one at all at the station, which lies a little way outside the city. The passengers descended, the engine whistled, and then down the road came a cloud of dust, rolling ever nearer, from which detached themselves the station official, the porters, the hotel touts, and the small boys hoping for odd jobs, all running like mad, followed by a few weary cars. How could anyone have guessed the train would be punctual?

Oaxaca lies at the junction of three great valleys, which were once three lakes, and above it hangs the height of Monte Albán. Here the Zapoteca and Mixteca had their fortress, overlooking the trade routes between the Valley of Mexico and Yucatán, and here they seem to have lived, exactly like the Nabataeans of Petra, without toiling or spinning, but simply by exacting tolls from those who passed. These lakes were not drained by the Spaniards. They were drained by a Zapoteca king called Zaachila, and a considerable engineering feat it must have been. He did not create a sandy waste but a fertile valley bottom and moved his capital down from Mitla, and after the Conquest the Church knew a good thing when it saw it.

The glory of the city of Oaxaca is its building stone. This is a pale almond green and lends itself readily to elaborate carving. Most of the principal buildings are made of it, fresh and cool as leaves after

rain, and, with the many pink-washed houses, make of the city a rose garden. It is also one of the few Mexican cities whose cafés have tables on the sidewalk. Why there are not more of these throughout the country is incomprehensible. There is hardly a Spanish village without such, and the Mexican climate is more appropriate than the Spanish to them. Many cities have arcaded squares, which lend themselves to this agreeable arrangement. In Oaxaca, however, you can sit in the plaza and watch the variegated crowds go by. And very variegated they are. Here the Indians are different from the Indios of Jalisco. Their skins are lighter, amber and honey and old gold, and they have fine small bones, so that often they have a Cambodian air. Here, on market days, you can see costumes from all about, from as far even as Tehuantepec, two or three days over the mountains. There are sarapes of many sorts and colors woven here, but I think the handsomest are the ones that are of white discreet and graceful designs in black. Almost all the women wear their shawls twisted into turbans on the head. And the sashes of Oaxaca are gorgeous. In the market they flutter in gaudy rows high above the stalls, in all the reds you can imagine—scarlet and crimson and burgundy and magenta—and in all the pinks, lilacs and purples too. They run the course of heather, from budding pink to fading mauve, and take in all the sumptuous royal shades as well.

It was January, but the weather was perfect, and of an evening I could sit out on the plaza until midnight without an overcoat, listening to the band playing in its little gimerack stand and watching the passers-by—wild-looking Indios from the hills and prosperous citizens with their wives and daughters in black

satin dresses and with black satin eyes that shone with a brilliance undimmed by too much reading. Indeed, at all times of the day. I very easily found my way back to the plaza, for it is the center of life, and everyone passes through it sometime or another. I went up to Monte Albán in the daytime to see the excavated temples, and in the evening to see the sunset from the Plunaje, a high spur that was the lookout whence the old robbers watched for caravans. I went to the museum to see the Treasure, jewels of jade, exquisitely wrought, that were found in a tomb on Monte Albán. I went to the Church of Santo Domingo to see the fantastic ceiling carved in high relief, which depicts the tree of the Dominican order, its roots issuing at one side from Saint Dominick's stomach and its topmost branches at the other side resting on the Virgin's heart, while other branches terminate in effigies of kings and benefactors of the order, and all round stand wooden statues of Dominican saints and popes. I went out to Mitla and wandered in the oblong rooms whose walls are decorated with lacy geometrical carvings, graceful and restrained and of never failing invention, I saw the Great Tree of Tule, of which they will tell you that it may be two thousand years old or it may be four, a Mexican cypress of enormous height and girth, and, close by, its hijito, or little son, itself a monster among trees. I went to the bridge early on market day to see the burro caravans come in, scores and scores of them, with whole families along and sometimes a crazy high-wheeled cart. I went to see the linen weaving and the potteries. But I always got back to the plaza and sat there watching the show go by.

I had heard there was going to be a plume dance in the neighborhood, and that was something I was really anxious to see. Nobody seemed quite to know where the dance would take place, and twice I went out in a hired car to outlying villages to find that it had been put off, for lack of money, or lack of dancers, or just because it had been put off.

* * *

Once in Tlacolula I stopped to ask a venerable white-haired old man whether he thought the dance would take place or not. He was said to be the descendant of the Zapoteca kings, and I was told that he was perpetually municipal president since he was the person whom the Indios would obey anyway, so there was no point in putting anybody else in authority. He was a man of property, and owned a big house with an enormous yard. I found him, wearing white pajamas and seated on the high curb outside his house, watching a train of laden burros go into his yard. Before answering he watched the last of the burros go in and called out an order in the tone of those accustomed to command. Then he turned to me.

"I have given permission for it," he said and gave me a curt nod.

I bowed and went.

We drove slowly down the village street. Coming toward us I saw a young woman with an oval face the color of old ivory walking with grace in a faded flame-pink dress. She had some onions to carry, and she had tied them all together about halfway up the long leaves, and, as it was hot and sunny, she was wearing them as a hat, the bulbs circling her head like a diadem of giant pearls under the waving green plume of the leaves. The effect was not comic. It was smart and distinguished.

"Look at her, with her onions," said the chauffeur, a citified youth in a pale pink shirt who didn't like going far outside Oaxaca. "It makes us Mexicans ashamed before you foreigners when the Indio bumpkins behave like that. And d'you know who she is? She's the granddaughter of that old man you talked to. Kings, indeed!"

Perhaps you have to be the daughter of kings to make a bunch of onions into a princely coronet, I thought, but I didn't bother to suggest the idea to the chauffeur.

On my return from this trip I found a letter from Mr. Humpel.

Sir! On the 8st arrived two desirous guests (American). Of my own answering I gave them room east No. 1 and received their payment for two (2) days, being total with extras 96.70 (ninety-six pesos seventy centavos Nacional money), which waits you, hoping I had right. On the 11st came Doña Chabela with many companions to make a dinner picnic on the terrace, where remained afterwards many rests. She bathed both dogs who are yet well and send a master-bark. She had the idea to bathe the badger, but he did not wish. Please be advice that for the end of the current month (January) I go. Hurry not to house, for all is in order. I thank you.

I wrote to Mr. Humpel, thanking him but saying that I had never intended that he should be bothered doing business for me, and went out and bought him a sarape. I meant to get a sensible dull-colored one, for Mr. Humpel's belongings were all plain and drab, but somehow I didn't. I got one of the offwhite ones.

A few days later it was said that the plume dance was to take place at Cuilapam, a ruined monastery out in the middle of the big plain, and I set off once more. The dirt road led out through flat, dusty villages, mere collections of cactus-fenced yards with straw-roofed huts in them; but the monastery itself had trees round it, remnants of the cultivation of the monks.

The walls of Cuilapam are the yellow of a dried lemon. In the open space in front of the great pointed arch of the entrance, an entrance that now led only to a roofless hall, the dancers were standing about. At one side was a band, mostly brass, close beside a long trestle table covered with bottles and glasses. On the bank that surrounded the open space sat perhaps a hundred silent Indios, waiting. There were about forty dancers, divided into two groups, Indios and Spaniards, for the plume dance tells the story of the Conquest. The Indios wear trousers banded with ribbons, and tunics with short ribbon-banded sleeves, in reds, yellows, and purples, and belts set with brilliants. To shoulder, elbow, or knee are pinned gay silk handkerchiefs. And above all this glitter and flutter rises the headdress, a plain round cap worn over a knotted kerchief, mounted in front with a huge half circle of feathers, eighteen or more inches high. The bands of color follow the curve—scarlet, magenta, canary, white, hardly ever any blue or green—and among the feathers, round the cap, are set scraps of mirror glass. The Spaniards wear navy-blue, gold-braided uniforms with cocked hats, exactly like gendarmes of the Second Empire, but they pin handkerchiefs on their apaulets or on their big trailing sabers and have mirror glass set in their hats and collars. There are two further members of the cast, two little girls. One is Moctezuma's faithful daughter, and she is in a bright satin robe clasped on one shoulder and wears a fillet with a panache of feathers in it. The other is the Malinche, Doña Marina, who became Cortes' mistress and betrayed her people. She is dressed to go with the Second Empire gendarmes, in a tiny crinoline of lilac satin, with a little lilac-satin bowler hat. Nothing was happening, and there was no sign that anything was going to happen. I waited for a long time, and still nothing happened. Then I went and had a talk with Moctezuma, who was also the local comisario.

Yes, he said, there was going to be a dance, or he hoped so. As we could see, they were all ready for it. But he didn't know what could be done, for, though they had raised all the money they could, there still wasn't enough to pay the band, let alone provide the refreshments needed by the dancers.

I was the only foreigner, indeed I was the only outsider present, and I was being held up. But I wasn't going to miss the plume dance this time, and after a little dickering, during which Moctezuma remained lugubrious, if not sorely, fifty pesos changed hands. A brief animation seized the performers, and then they all drifted apart, and nothing continued to happen.

I sat on the running board of the car, where there was a little shade. The chauffeur climbed inside and went to sleep. It was late afternoon, the hottest time of the day. I could hear ice tinkling in the big jugs of poison-pink and lime-green drinks at the bar, but I didn't dare risk having one. I thought sadly of everything and everywhere that was cool and shady. Several dancers disappeared into the ruins. The little girl who was going to be Malinche burst into tears and was led away. Some of the dancers came back, and then some more went away. The chauffeur was snoring gently. A man arrived driving a burro laden with a big demijohn, and the bar became more animated. I hoped my fifty pesos had begun to work. Moctezuma took off his headdress. I waited.

Suddenly the band, or part of it, struck up the "Fiesta de las Flores." A trumpeter, who had been sitting with friends on the bank, jumped up and rejoined his fellows, playing lustily off key. Then they all stopped. But they had started something. I a few minutes the trumpeter tootled all alone, playing "Atonileo." Then, apparently from nowhere, a large group of Indios arrived and joined the silent audience. A cornet and a clarinet joined in with the trumpeter. And suddenly all the dancers were there, the Indian group forming a loose oblong, several deep, and one or two of them began shuffling their feet. Moctezuma put on his headdress, the largest and most bemirrored of them all, and gestured to the band, which stopped. But as soon as he had taken up his leading position, the music started up and so did the dance.

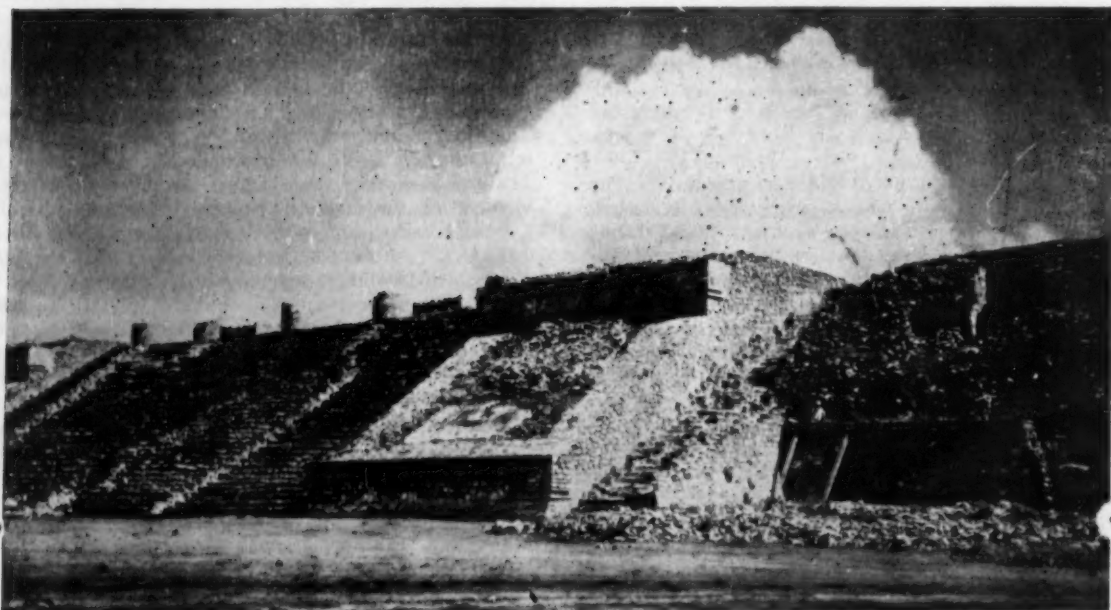
The step performed was very simple, two steps with one foot, two with the other, about turn, and the same again. It was trivial, but the splendid colors of

the headdresses wove a glorious pattern against the yellow walls. From time to time a dancer who was tired or bored dropped out and went to have a drink or a chat with friends. After a time the music left off, and the dance went on to the beat of rattles carried by the dancers, and Moctezuma swung out of the dance and began to recite rhymed couplets in a high, singing monotone. The beating rhythms of the dancers and the dactylic tempo of the rhyme integrated the whole scene. The figure went on for about twenty minutes, and the effect was almost hypnotic. Then Moctezuma finished reciting, there was a sort of grand chain to inappropriate music, the cymbals and the drum crashed together, and all the dancers wandered off at random, mopping sweaty faces and taking off their headdresses. There was a long pause.

Then the Spaniards took the floor, and I saw one I had noticed before. He was about ten, and his uniform bagged around him. From one shoulder waved a Mickey Mouse handkerchief. This was the only modern note, except the mirror glass, and I feel sure the pre-Conquest Indios would have used mirror glass if they had had it. I dare say they would have liked Mickey Mouse too. In any case the Spaniards are so anachronistic in get-up, that it didn't matter. They are intruders. Nobody knows what the plume dance represented before the Conquest, what high ceremony of the solstice, what homage to what god. The church changed all that and gradually made the dance into the history of the downfall of the Indios. And you can see that Spaniards are newcomers. Their steps are much the same, but the figures built of those steps are clumsier and have not the ancient sureness of the Indios' figures. They too had a spokesman who chanted, but there was no magic made by his chanting. When they had finished, the little boy came over to me, smiled shyly, fumbled in a deep pocket, fished out a battered cigarette, and offered it to me. He was the only person at Cuilapam who recognized my presence.

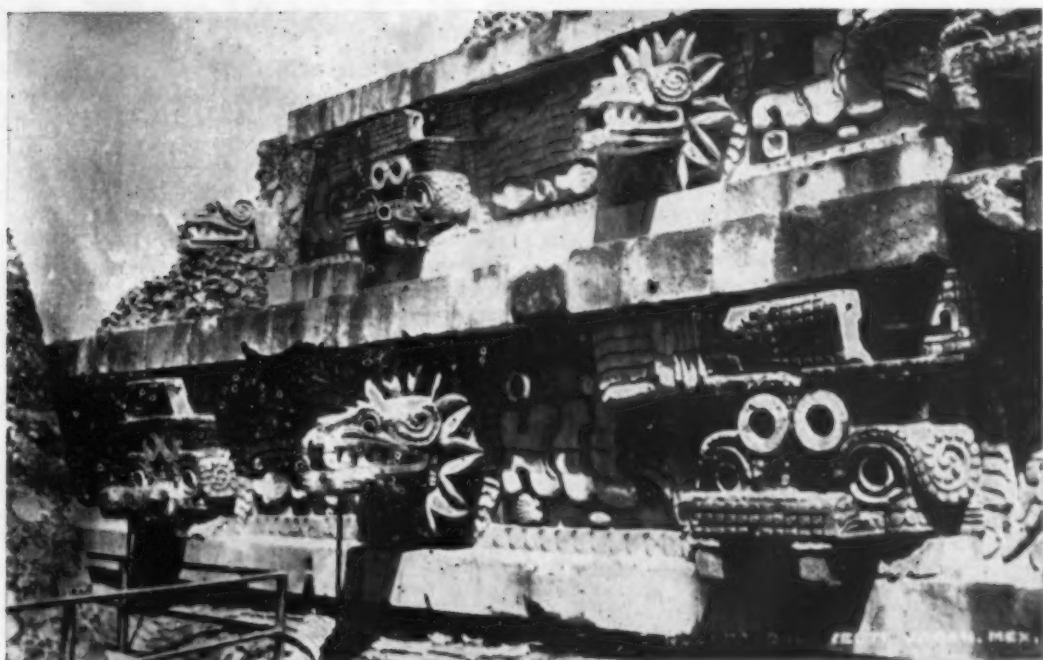
This time, for some reason, there was no pause. The Spaniards left the stage, and the Indios came briskly back and took their places. A young man with a Cambodian face just the color of Cuilapam's walls had pinned to one shoulder a turquoise-blue handkerchief. It was a startling note in this greenless, blueless color show. The procedure was much the same as be-

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Ruins at Monte Alban, Oaxaca.

Photo. By Jose A. Rodriguez.



Serpent Beliefs Survive in Mexico

By Ralph Beals

AFTER several cool days and shivering nights, some of them spent huddled over a fire in a vain effort to keep warm, the descent into the nameless river canyon east of Zempoaltepec in Oaxaca found us sweating heavily from the unaccustomed heat. The river ran through a series of deep blue-green pools, breaking into aprons of white foam across the rock barriers between them. It looked an ideal place for a swim. Francisco, my usually completely sceptical Mije guide, looked at me queerly. Would you put your head under water in a big pool like this?

To my prompt affirmative, Francisco replied, "Well, I would not. I'd be afraid the water serpent would hold me under." With that he shouldered his pack and struck up the trail between the bananas. If I swam I clearly swam alone.

The legend of the plumed serpent in ancient Mexico is well known. The innumerable serpent carvings on and around the ancient monuments from Guatemala to the Valley of Mexico attest the importance of the serpent in the beliefs of the more civilized peoples of precortesian Mexico, while in attenuated form the serpent figures in the mythology of much of western North America. There is a suggestion that this whole complex of beliefs has temporally remote connections with the dragon stories of eastern Asia.

In modern Mexico the more primitive and isolated groups still have active serpent beliefs. Most common is the horned water serpent, a supernatural connected most particularly with springs, floods and torrential rains, and indirectly with the crops. The Yaqui and Mayo of Sonora believe horned water serpents live in springs in the mountains. These springs never go dry. When the serpents leave the springs they go down the rivers to the sea, causing the floods which are important to the agriculture of both peoples. A young Yaqui informant had his canoe turned over by a water serpent passing beneath him as he crossed the river during the flood of 1928. But the floods

sometimes become dangerously large or the rains become too torrential. Then the water serpent must be stopped and Suawaka, a fat, naked dwarf about a yard in height, shoots the water serpent and ends the floods or the rains. The thunder is the twanging of his bow string (or the sound of his rifle according to the more sophisticated Mayos) and the rainbow in the sky is his bow. The Mayo also call this individual Juan, but they insist that he has no connection with San Juan.

The Mayo have added a Christian touch to the concept. The water serpents are condemned souls. After passing to the ocean they live there a hundred years, constantly growing larger. At the end of this time they are pardoned by God. Another Mayo variant is contained in the story that illegitimate children were formerly thrown in the springs where the water serpents live.

The water serpent of the Yaqui and Mayo is called bakot or ba bakot (literally water serpent; ba—water, bakot—serpent). It has horns like those of the mountain goat and is black. Some among the Yaqui have confused him with the serpent in the Spanish folktale of the king who was forced to feed his daughters to the serpent and consequently they endow him with seven heads. The intense local cyclonic rainstorm or "waterspout" is considered a visible manifestation of the water serpent.

Among the Cora of Nayarit I was told vaguely of a horned water serpent connected with rains or floods. Pruess in a footnote to his Cora texts mentions a water serpent living in the sacred lake of Santa Theresa high on the east side of the Mesa of Nayarit. The Zapotecs the Valley of Oaxaca also have water serpent beliefs but the material, gathered by others, is as yet unpublished.

The Mixe about Zempoaltepec believe in a horned water serpent connected with heavy rains and floods and which lives in springs. It has two horns, "like deer horns," each with seven points (is this the

Spanish folk tale again?). Its back is marked with red and green stripes interwoven "like a mat". Small snakes with these markings are to be seen in the streams and springs in Mixe territory. Offerings of tamales and tepache and sacrifices of the blood of turkeys and chickens are made at such springs by the Mixe of Tepuxtepec early in the morning by the owner of the field on the day the first ears of green corn are gathered. Double ears of corn saved from the previous harvest and seeds of everything they plant are also left there and the petition is made for good crops, saying "Give us corn, beans, squash," and various other plants which the man may wish.

The mountain Zapotecs near Villa Alta believe the waterspout is actually a water serpent. It is destroyed by the lightning. Both the water serpent and the lightning are forms which may be assumed by their wizards and "advocates", (hechiceros y "abogados") a form of priest. In my very short visit I did not learn of any other serpent belief among this group of Zapotecs although I suspect such exist.

The intimate connection which exists between the water serpent, rainfall, and crops, is no doubt an ancient belief. Quetzalcoatl was often identified with the plumed serpent and was one of the most important agricultural deities.

The Yaquis have another interesting type of serpent belief. People who wish to become dancers, musicians, or cowboys (vaqueros, cowboys, because of their intimate association with the woods, are frequently considered to have supernatural powers by both Yaqui and Mayo) may, instead of learning the usual way, go to a certain cave in the mountain above the railroad junction of Corral. Entering the cave, they are swallowed by a serpent, passing out of the body with the excrement into a large cave filled with wild animals. If the candidate is unafraid, he walks to the rear of the cave where he is met by another large snake, the king of the animals. This snake wraps itself about the candidate from the feet up and licks his face. If this test is passed without showing fear, the snake leads him to the walls where is hung the equipment for the various kinds of dancers (but not for the Spanish derived Matachina dancer), musicians, and cowboys. He makes his choice by lifting down the equipment he wishes which he then immediately knows how to use. If at any time he shows fear, he is trans-

formed into one of the animals within the cave. If all tests are passed successfully, on the other hand, he is congratulated by the snake and the animals and escorted to the door of the cave.

This idea in varying form also occurs over a wide area. The Maya of British Honduras believe that wizards get their power through serpents which live in the nests of leaf-cutting ants. According to Eric Thompson, at Socotz the wizard stands naked before the entrance to the nest and knocks three times. The snake comes forth, licks the wizard all over, swallows him whole, and passes him out of the body with the excrement. At San Antonio, an initiate is taken by his master to such a nest from which a snake emerges putting its tongue in the initiate's mouth and transmitting the power.

At Cochiti, a New Mexican Pueblo, Goldfrank recorded a story of a boy who wished to become a witch. He was taken to a cave hung with animals skins. After various tests of courage a snake appears and puts out its tongue at each person present.

The Pueblos also have many variations of the horned water serpent being associated with floods. As in Mexico they usually live in springs, and at times in caves. Zuni and Hopi tales record floods sent against the towns by the horned water serpents and in some of the Pueblos the water serpents are killed by the war gods, which, like the Yaqui-Mayo Suawaka, are dwarfs.

The Mayo story of throwing illegitimate children to the water serpents and the Mixe fear of being drowned by them likewise has Pueblo counterparts. The Cochiti have a tale of throwing an illegitimate child to the water serpent while the Pima tell of sacrificing an orphan boy and girl in a spring to prevent a flood. The Sia believe that serpents living in the mountains eat people. In Mexico the Huichol believe the sun must set between the heads of a two headed serpent and each day must give a Huichol to each head.

The serpent beliefs of Mexico are particularly interesting because few other ideas of such undoubted antiquity are to be found surviving today over such a wide area. No doubt further research will reveal many more cases. They are of interest also in suggesting the importance and vitality of the serpent cult in ancient Mexico.



"The Hapless One"

By Maca Barrett

IT WAS STILL RAINING, but at least the storm had abated. With the first light of day, people waded toward the Governor's Palace through the devastation and the rivers of mud that engulfed the town. The huge boulders spewed by the extinct volcano Hunahpu the night before had reduced everything to rubble.

Wretchedly, the people speculated about the cause of the catastrophe. Someone ventured that surely she must be responsible for it. They said her pride, her ambition, most of all her refusal to accept the loss of a beloved husband with Christian resignation, had caused God to loose His wrath on the city, erasing it from the face of the earth.

The murmur began to swell until it was like the roll of drums heralding an execution. A Jezebel, that's what she was. Let them cast her body to the dogs!

"May the Lord forgive you, for grief has clouded your faculties and you know not what you are saying," Francisco Marroquín, Bishop of Santiago de Guatemala, had arrived on the scene unobserved; there was foreboding in his voice as he addressed the crowd. "Are your own lives so blameless that you would pass judgment on a woman whose greatest sin was love?"

No one answered. Those who had been so vociferous only a moment ago stood silently now. You couldn't argue with the Bishop; he was the wisest man in town, and the kindest—everyone present had at one time or another received his physical or spiritual help. He knew their shortcomings well. There were no protests; only sullen expressions.

"Come," Bishop Marroquín exhorted them. "This is no time for foolish talk or recriminations; this is an hour of common tragedy. We must unite. We must look for the missing." He faced them defiantly. "We must find the body of your Governor—Doña Beatriz—and give it Christian burial."

This scene took place on Sunday, the eleventh of September, 1541, amid the ruins of the once-proud city of Santiago de Guatemala. The woman accused by the crowd and defended by the Bishop was Beatriz de la Cueva y Manrique de Lara, widow of Pedro de Alvarado and the first woman governor in the Western Hemisphere. Her tenure of office was brief, only two days, but the events that accompanied it gave it lasting significance.

The sixteenth century was an era of enterprise and bold adventure for Spain. Nobles and commoners shared equally in both, the first as leaders, the second as the vast army of soldiers, clerics, artisans, farmers, scribes, and representatives of many other professions that made Spain an empire. At least one Spanish woman was to form a part, however small, of the stupendous epic of the Conquest.

The details of Beatriz' childhood are obscure; for instance, there seems to be no record of her birth date. But this is not surprising; the recording of births was not considered important in the sixteenth century.

Beatriz was the daughter of Don Pedro de la Cueva, Count of Bedmar and Admiral of Santo Domingo; her mother belonged to the illustrious house of Manrique de Lara. Two of her uncles were influential in shaping Spanish affairs: one was Francisco de los Cobos, private secretary to His Majesty the Emperor Charles V as well as Secretary General of the powerful Council of the Indies; the other was the Duke of Albuquerque, a man of considerable prestige in court circles.

Although no portraits of her have come down to us, all historians are agreed that Doña Beatriz was a great beauty, well proportioned, with alabaster-smooth skin and hair that was a blaze of gold. One can safely assume that she was younger than her sister Francisca, who became Pedro de Alvarado's first wife in 1527. This marriage was important to Pedro's career, uniting him as it did to one of Spain's most eminent families, which had close ties with the throne.

Don Pedro, one of Charles V's handsomest and most colorful conquistadors, achieved brilliant renown in the conquests of Mexico and Guatemala, but he was continually the focal point of intrigues. In 1527, there had been complaints about his treatment of Indians as well as of Spaniards. He came to Burgos for the express purpose of justifying his actions before his superiors. Such was the charm of the man his own victims called "Tonatiuh," the Sun God, that he not only obtained full vindication but managed to win the lovely Francisca's hand. At this time Pedro de Alvarado received the titles of Don and Adelantado, and not long after, on December 18, 1527, he was appointed Governor and Captain-General of the Kingdom of Guatemala by imperial decree. He and his bride sailed for his post in May of the following year, but shortly after reaching Veraacruz, Francisca died of yellow fever.

Not until 1535 did Alvarado return to Spain. During the intervening eight years, he had performed deeds that further established him as a great warrior; but he had also embarked upon ill-fated enterprises, sometimes against the explicit orders of the crown. So once more his arrival was preceded by cabals intended to disgrace him; again he emerged the victor. When it was known that he wished to marry his sister-in-law, an unusual alliance in those days, the Emperor himself went so far as to intercede personally with the Pope to obtain a special dispensation so that the ceremony could be performed. This wedding took place in Valladolid, then the seat of the Spanish imperial court, and was still more elaborate than Alvarado's first.

Again he was appointed Governor and Captain-General of Guatemala, and when the Alvarados sailed from Sanlúcar de Barrameda in 1531, they were accompanied by an impressive retinue. A letter in Pedro's own hand sheds a provocative light on the expedition; he wrote it upon landing at Puerto Caballos on April 4, 1539, and addressed it to the Municipal Council of Guatemala. After stating that he had arrived with "three large ships, three hundred arquebusiers, and many more people," and after asking for the necessary supplies and men to continue the trip by land to his ultimate destination, he goes on to say:

I must advise you that I am married, and that Doña Beatriz is a very fine lady. She brings with her twenty maidens, very gentle women, all of excellent lineage, as they are the daughters of noblemen. I do believe this is the sort of merchandise which will not long tarry in the store, and for which many would be willing to pay a goodly price.

There have been many conjectures as to the relationship between Pedro de Alvarado and his two Spanish wives. Was it really love that prompted him to marry first Francisca and later Beatriz? Some might answer that love probably played a very minor

role in both instances. Undoubtedly he needed friends in an administration where one man alone, Charles V, had absolute power over his subjects. The fact that the manifestations of this power were the direct result of favorable or unfavorable reports cannot be ignored. At the same time no one could deny the charms of Francisca and Beatriz de la Cueva.

In any case, there is little doubt of Beatriz's love for Pedro. A member of a distinguished family and one of the fairest of her day, Beatriz could doubtless have had her choice of a husband among the court's great. Yet she married her sister's widower, at that time a man in his forties. He may have looked younger than that, thanks to an active, outdoor life, but the difference in their ages must have been marked.

* * *

Beatriz gave up a sumptuous existence at the imperial court of Spain to follow her husband into a still enigmatic New World. To her this *terra incognita* must have seemed all the more menacing for having claimed the life of her sister.

But we know that a pleasant surprise awaited her. The Spaniards had established the new capital of the Kingdom of Guatemala in a lush valley with a fine climate. It clung to the side of a volcano, Huahpu, with gentle slopes carpeted by grassy meadows, watered by many streams and rivulets. And for contrast, there was always the arid cone of the nearby volcano called "Fire," perennially crowned by a delicate plume of blue-white smoke.

José Milla, the noted Guatemalan historian and novelist, tells us that Beatriz and her ladies in waiting found a miniature Spanish court in the city of Santiago. The newly erected Governor's Palace was of noble proportions; the Cabildo, imposing; the Cathedral, a gem; as for the buildings housing the Spanish official population, they were as commodious as they were ornate. Social activities were arranged to fit every mood and every hour—deer and mountain-lion hunts, fairs, equestrian spectacles, banquets, and dances.

But other chroniclers make it plain that Pedro de Alvarado's wife faced serious emotional problems. According to Albertina Gálvez of Guatemala's National Library, who has written about the subject, the women in Alvarado's life were many. Although the most outstanding, the Indian Princess of Xicotencatl, had long been dead at the time of his marriage to Beatriz, others must have succeeded her, for his biography is liberally sprinkled with mention of his illegitimate children, some in their infancy at the time of his death.

Unhappily, the two children Beatriz bore died shortly after birth. Later she threw open her home to the offspring of her rivals, providing her husband's natural children with all the advantages her own would have had.

Beatriz appears to have had a clear understanding of administrative affairs, as well as a keen awareness of military matters. These attributes, outstanding in any era, must have singled her out among the women of her generation.

Even today, the visitor to Guatemala cannot fail to be impressed by the aura of romanticism that still surrounds everything connected with Beatriz and Pedro. One imagines their tempestuous life together—she young, beautiful, accustomed to court flattery, demanding of her adventurous husband a constant devotion that he was incapable of giving her. Since she was far from home and friends and familiar environment, her affection for the fickle Pedro was her only outlet. But the conflicts of her heart were concealed by the deeply ingrained pride of an Infanta.

The news of Pedro's death in the battle of Nochistlán snapped this constant and rigorous restraint. Then, as now, bad news traveled fast, and rumors of the Governor's demise reached Guatemala early in July 1541. But people did not believe them, least of all Beatriz. Hadn't he always managed to emerge unscathed from the most incredible situations? However, on August 29 an official letter from the Viceroy of New Spain confirming the rumors was read at a session of the Municipal Council.

Although life was cheap in those days, everyone was profoundly moved by Pedro's death. Even his most stubborn adversaries forgot his faults and remembered only his virtues. As for Beatriz, she wept and moaned and protested her loss to Heaven. She refused to eat or sleep. She seemed to revel in her grief.

With morbid curiosity, she demanded to know in detail all the circumstances of her husband's death. When she learned it had happened on the ridge of Muchitiltic, which in the local dialect meant "the all-black ridge," she renamed the palace for it and ordered it painted black, inside and out—including kitchens, stables, roofs. No means of displaying her woe was overlooked.

Several of Santiago's most respectable citizens tried to console her by telling her that death was, after all, inevitable and that God could have imposed a much greater calamity on her. "Silence, you fools!" she replied. "God could have done me no worse injury than to deprive me of my lord, the Adelantado!"

Her blasphemous words scandalized the people of Santiago de Guatemala. Bishop Marroquín tried to reason with her, but to no avail; his advice, which she had generally heeded, fell this time on deaf ears.

The community was due for yet another shock. After the nine days of prescribed official mourning, Beatriz summoned the members of the Municipal Council and informed them of her desire to be appointed Governor and Captain-General to succeed her husband. When they demurred, she made it clear that the word "desire" was a mere formality; this was an order.

The men, thinking her temporarily deranged, tried to appease her with vague promises. But soon she forced them to hold a plenary session. Many expressed themselves openly against her appointment, alleging that no woman had ever held such a post; others—and they were the majority—recalled her interest in administrative and military matters. In her support they cited the example of former queens who had held the reins of government during the childhood of future male monarchs. Meanwhile, there would be time to hear from Spain. In the end, the majority won.

On assuming the role of Governor on Friday, September 9, 1541, Beatriz was given several documents to sign. She wrote: "La Sin Ventura (The Hapless One), Doña Beatriz." Then, with a sudden stroke of the quill, she crossed out "Doña Beatriz." The assembled group of officials stared incredulously at the words. With a look that challenged dispute, she stated that from then on she wished to be known only as "The Hapless One."

* * *

Suddenly businesslike, she decided to handle the delicate matters of land and Indian grants herself, while her brother, Don Francisco de la Cueva, would be in charge of hearing and other pronouncements of justice. She placed the symbolic staff of office in his hands, and administered his oath of allegiance.

These important developments took place at the height of the rainy season, and the intense downpours that year caused considerable comment. On Saturday

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Mexico Struggles to Save a People

By Victor Alba

TO witness the vanishing of a people who once were numerous, strong, and full of initiative, makes a depressing spectacle. Yet that is not the impression caused by a visit among the Seri Indians of Mexico's northern coast on the Pacific Ocean. For in this case there is testimony to the efforts being made by the Seris themselves, aided by the government through its Bureau of Indian Affairs, by private initiative through a Society for the Protection of the Seris, by the Society of Friends, and by the University of Sonora.

To state in our epoch, in which supposed efficiency appears to be the criterion for all actions, that the same enthusiasm and the same efforts are devoted to the preservation of hardly 300 persons as are given to the million Otomís near Mexico City, is encouraging. For the Seris actually are fewer than 300. In 1947, when the archaeologist of the University of Arizona, William Neil Smith, made his census, there were exactly 214. In five years, they have increased almost 30 per cent—an indication of the attention given to this singular people.

The Seris live on the coast of Sonora, in the vicinity of the San Ignacio River, and on Tiburón Island facing it. They were, when the Spaniards arrived in Mexico, four centuries ago, a matriarchal society, warlike, with a culture corresponding to the paleolithic age. They were sun-worshippers, busy fishermen.

Today they continue to be as they were then, except that the matriarchy has yielded place, by a slow evolution, to a government by a chief and his military council, in which the medicine man or witch doctor exercises a certain power as moderator and priest.

Through these four centuries the Seris tried to keep removed from all contact with the Spaniards and then with the Mexicans. They carried on cruel and interminable wars against the white conquerors and afterwards against the armies of the Republic which were going to "civilize" them. The few Catholic missionaries to whom they listened did not succeed in changing their religion nor in altering their customs. The consequence of all this was that the tribe was reduced in numerical strength until it became only a shadow of what it had been.

Today the Seris live peacefully in a reduced territory, without water, without agriculture, hungry most of the year, dressing themselves in the skins of pelicans, making miserable "feasts" of the "cuahama" or while turtle, and of reptiles. Their most frequent food is fish, which they eat cooked, not raw as did their ancestors.

Their huts, built by the women and children, are simple tents of leaves. In spite of everything, they continue to be string, swift (when they hunt they do it not with bow and arrow but by running after the animal until they overtake it), and their average height is about five feet seven and a half inches for the wo-



Oil.

By Margarita C. de Wehmann.

men, and about five feet nine for the men. They are a people of beauty as exceptional as their squalor.

* * *

The Mexicans were confronted, in studying the Seris, with many serious problems. First of all, they had to decide whether it was preferable to let these people disappear in two or three generations, or whether it was their duty to strengthen them by giving them the means of development and growth. With this question decided in the second way, they had to face other problems no less difficult.

How to get the Seris to accept the aid of doctors without lessening the governing function of the medicine man, who among them is a sort of judge respected by all, and without antagonizing the witch doctor himself? This was solved through the medium of an Indian doctor, from another region, who succeeded in convincing the witch doctor. Medical treatments are applied now in the presence, and with the collaboration of the medicine man, so the latter keeps his prestige and adapts himself to modern medicine.

Then arose the question of water. The lack of water through the centuries had resulted in giving to the scanty wells the bad name of being places where evil spirits congregated. To go in search of water implied organizing a warlike expedition invested with exorcism and rites. The medicine man undertook—in connivance with the doctor—to overcome the difficulty by throwing chlorine into the wells and announcing that with this the evil spirits fled. Upon tasting the water with chlorine, the Seris were convinced that no spirit, however bad, could stand it! Then new wells were opened up and this problem solved.

Afterwards, it was considered necessary to improve the Seris' food. As fishermen, they had been exploited by the middlemen, who bought their fish in exchange for cloth, trinkets, etc. With the aid of private initiative they acquired two motor boats, which helped them increase their catch of fish. The fishermen, that is, all the heads of families, organized through the initiative of a teacher a sort of cooperative. And the Society for the Protection of the Seris set about finding buyers for their fish who would not exploit them.

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"Patzcuaro." Linoleum Cut.

By Manuel V. Echauri.

First National Salon of Engraving

By Guillermo Rivas

THE ART of engraving in Mexico dates back to the 16th. century, or to the days when the first printing shops were established in this country. The equipment of the first printers who came here included a good number of wood engravings which were utilized in their work. Nearly all of the books listed in the Mexican incunabula were illustrated with such wood engravings.

As an accessory of the printing craft, wood engravings were employed throughout the entire Colonial period as a purely decorative element—for the adornment of book covers, as frontispieces, vignettes, shields or capitals, and only occasionally for portraits or illustrations.

Copper engraving first appeared in New Spain toward the end of the 16th. century, and became widely popularized throughout the 17th. Like wood engraving, it mostly served to adorn the typography of books or periodicals.

During the second half of the 18th. century engraving, both on wood and metal, greatly deteriorated in quality. Although a class in engraving was conducted at the San Carlos Academy, which was established in 1785, probably due to poor instructors it contributed very little toward the development of this art. It was not until after 1853, when the English engraver George August Periam was brought to this country from London to take charge of this class, that the technique of engraving on metal reached a measure of excellence.

Following Periam as teacher was his former pupil, Luis Ocampo, who numbered among his own pupils Lopez, Lara, Alvarez, Piña, Ocampo and Portillo. Of these the last two were the most talented, and specimens of their work were chosen for exhibit in the Academy galleries.

With the introduction of photo-engraving and photo-lithography during the latter half of the 19th. century the art of true engraving almost completely disappeared in Mexico, being employed only in the making of theatrical posters or penny leaflets of popular ballads known as 'corridos.' These leaflets were

a kind of graphic press, carrying the events of the time to the illiterate masses throughout the whole country. Just as soon as something unusual happened—an alleged miracle, a flood, a fire, a spectacular crime, the first street cars, a notable bull fight, the rise of a revolutionary leader—the adroit rhymesters related the story in quatrains and the engravers made the illustrations. Outstanding among the latter was Guadalupe Posada, whose work exerted a direct influence on the modern generation of Mexican artists.

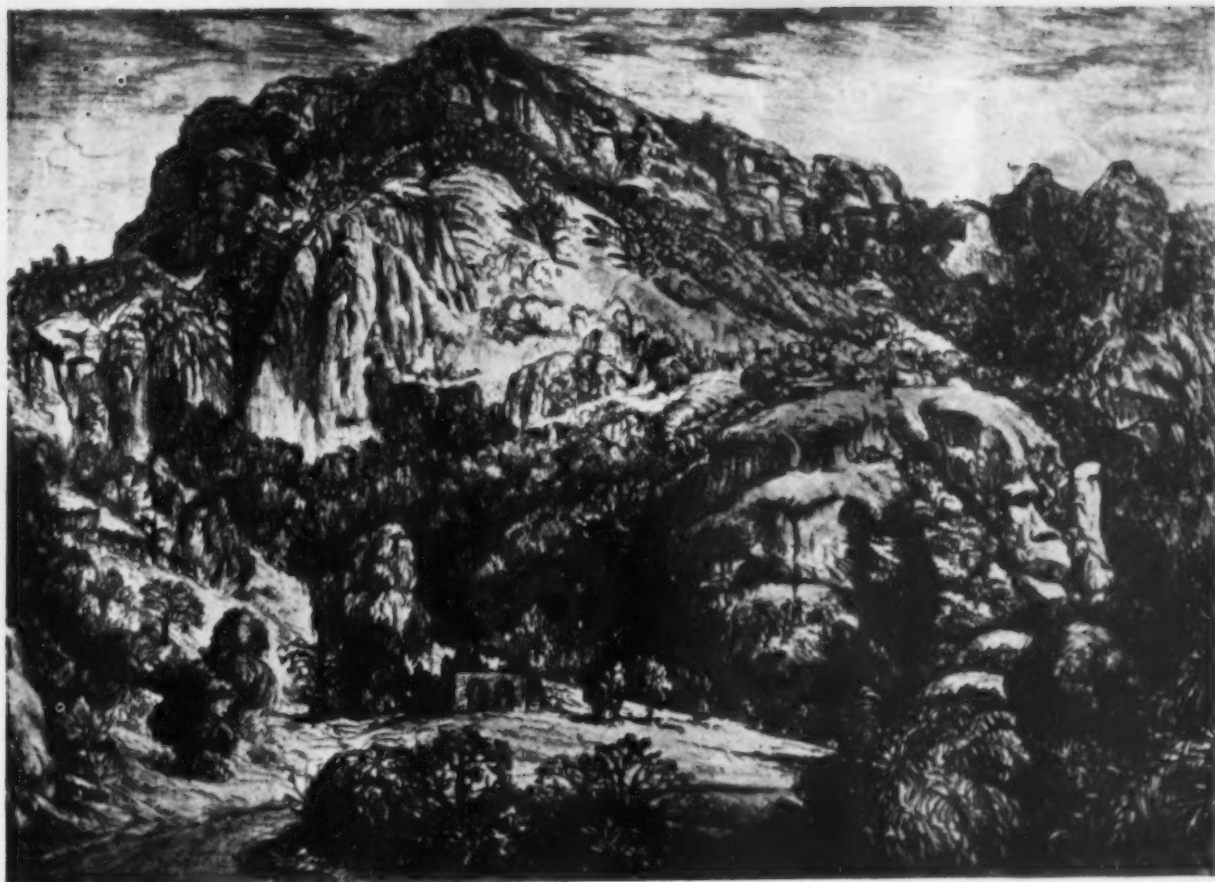
* * *

With the wide development of book publishing, the art of print-making gained a new popularity in our time. Thus the large majority of our contemporary engravers, whether on wood, metal or other mediums, create illustrations for printed text. And yet the work turned out by most of these artists cannot be classed as mere illustration.

When one views the hundreds of prints by sixty and some odd engravers collected in the First National Salon of Engraving, now open to the public on the fourth floor of the Palacio de Bellas Artes, one readily perceives that in practically each case the artist is animated by an authentic urge for self-expression. By and large this work does not require the supplementary medium of written text to define its meaning. It tells its own story, and tells it with fine eloquence. In the austere terms of black and white many of our engravers achieve an utterance of plastic completeness, sharp images that create the illusion of a full gamut of colors.

The styles range far and wide. In many there is a trace of naiveté inherited from Guadalupe Posada, in some a touch of sophistication, and in others a pure lyricism, a flight of soaring imagination. Some of the prints are composed in simplest linear terms, while others in minute complex design.

In all, this comprehensive and representative projection unwinds a fascinating panorama of an art form which finds in Mexico a robust and richly meaningful expression.



"Tepostlán." Etching.

By Francisco Mason Capdeville.

"Good Friday at Ixtaccalco." Linoleum Cut.

By Angel Zamarripa.



"Returning." Linoleum Cut.

By Adolfo Mexico.



"Joined in Misfortune." Linoleum Cut.

By Leopoldo Mendez.



"Embroiderer," Linoleum Cut.

By Celia Calderón.



"Tieteloco." Linoleum Cut.

By Feliciano Peña.

Un Poco de Todo

THOUSAND-YEAR VOYAGE

NOT a single space ship has been built, yet the rocketeers or astronauts are already resenting their confinement to the solar system. They are worrying about the survival of the human race if the sun should be blotted out and life with it. Accordingly, one of them, Dr. L. R. Sheppard, recently examined the possibilities of colonizing other stellar systems. For him the problem reduces itself to the transportation of small communities through centuries.

Looked at in this way, a journey to the moon at a speed of ten kilometers (6.2 miles) a second would be somewhat like crossing the Mississippi on a ferryboat. A ship bound for Alpha Centauri (4.3 light-years distant) would not reach its destination in less than 130,000 years. Dr. Sheppard therefore wants a speed of at least 10,000 kilometers (6,210 miles) a second if we are setting out for Alpha Centauri. If the ship were propelled by atomic power the voyage would take 250 years at this speed. If lithium were transmuted into helium and energy thus produced, the time might be cut down to 125 years.

Such a colonizing space ship would have to be a Noah's Ark. It would carry many plants and many creatures besides man needed to colonize another planet. It follows that this self-contained world, plowing through space century after century after century would have to be huge. It would weigh perhaps a million tons excluding the dead weight of the propellants and fuel.

Sociological problems would crop up for solution in the voyage through space. One would be the control of population. A civilization would have to be preserved and knowledge passed on from one generation to another.

Are there other habitable worlds that revolve around distant suns? Sheppard answers hopefully by citing recent studies of the double stars 61 Cygni (10.7 light-years) and 70 Ophiuchi (twelve light-years). It seems that "nonluminous bodies of almost planetary dimensions are associated with both systems."

A small community would not undertake a thousand-year voyage unless it was certain that it could land on a planet much like the earth. This implies preliminary astronomical exploration that surpasses anything the world has known. No telescope so far devised could detect small planets revolving around a central sun. Dr. Sheppard thinks we may have to set up telescopes on the moon to examine the heavens for solar systems like ours. Even if they were discovered it would probably be necessary to send out an expedition to find out if they were fit for colonization. Provision would have to be made for a return to the earth if necessary.

"In the normal way some thirty generations would be born and would die on the ship," says Sheppard. It would be as though the vessel had set out for its destination under King Canute and arrived under President Eisenhower as captain. "The original crews would be legendary figures in the minds of those who finally came to the new world."

MORE WORK FOR "THINKING MACHINES"

The cybernetic machine developed by International Business Machines to translate a few hundred words of Russian into English (machines that will translate far more words are promised) is only one of a long series of possibilities. Inventors of these so-

called "thinking" machines state confidently that it is possible to develop electronic apparatus to read books and locate wanted passages in them, play such strategic games as chess, supervise the production of a standardized article (with correction of mistakes).

Before the electronic translator was heralded in the press the American Institute of Radio Engineers and the Association for Computing Machines sponsored a Joint Computer Conference and Exhibition at which the National Bureau of Standards presented FOSDIC, a high-speed electronic device that can read census data sheets and tell what to do about them. FOSDIC is a contraction for "Film Optical Sensing Device for Input to Computers."

Census-taking requires much work after the questions and answers have been returned. As part of a program to speed up the work, the Census Bureau has been using an electronic computer that can handle facts much more rapidly than they can be translated. FOSDIC was designed by N. B. S. to speed up the translation process.

The machine translates positioned marks of microfilm copies of census takers' documents into electrical pulses which are recorded on magnetic tape. The magnetic tape can then be used directly by computing machinery.

The instrument has a cathode-ray tube (similar to a television tube) and an "electric eye," or photoelectric cell. In combination these two devices can "see" whether or not there are pencil or pen marks on particular spots of an answer form.

The original documents (which may be up to several times letter size) do not have to be precisely aligned when they are microfilmed. Instead, an aligning index marker is printed on the form below each column of twelve possible answer positions. One column may answer positions. One column may contain answers to six yes-no questions.

When FOSDIC scans a census form its beam moves across a page until it sees an index which says that there are possible answers in the column above. FOSDIC then sends its scanning beam up the column to read and record each tally mark. Upon completion of the column, FOSDIC is designed to provide for a maximum of some 2,800 answer locations on each frame of 16-mm. microfilm—an area of about a quarter of a square inch.

In operation FOSDIC is loaded with a 100-foot roll of 16-mm. film containing as many as 1,800 pictures of documents sides. About thirty minutes later, up to five million answer positions have been transcribed completely on magnetic tape. This total corresponds to a reading transcription rate of about sixty document sides a minute.

ANCIENT MAN HAD MODERN DISEASES

Both wild animals and wild men are subject to the aches and pains of civilized man, finds Dr. Erwin A. Ackerknecht, medical historian of the University of Wisconsin.

Arthritis is the disease most often apparent in ancient bones. Lesions have been found in dinosaur skeletons, in Neanderthal man, ancient Egyptians and other human remains throughout the world, but so far chronic arthritis of the hip joint has been observed only in man. For some reason it afflicted Peruvian Indians more than other primitives.

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Literary Appraisals

ADVENTURE HAPPY. By Jule Mannix. Illustrated. 276 pp. New York: Simon & Schuster.

R AISING a baby wild animal, we are told, "is much harder than raising a human baby." Jule Mannix should know. She assisted in the upbringing of two eagles, an armadillo, a couple of hawks, a boat-billed heron, a ring-tailed cat, two fawns, a red-bellied squirrel, a cross between vulture and hawk called a caracara, two iguanas, a white egret, a couple of playful kinkajous resembling teddy bears with long tails, a 100-pound cheetah and a pair of coatis. Mrs. Mannix also had two children.

"Having so many animals running loose did make housekeeping a little hectic," she says, an admission which should be the year's most whopping understatement. Her shopping list included chicken for the eagles, meat for hawks, fish for heron and egret, two raw eggs mixed in hamburger for the armadillo, bananas for kinkajous, nuts for the squirrel.

Mrs. Mannix "discovered that wild beasts are very delicate creatures with a strong tendency to climb into bed with you on cold nights." She also found that "packing snakes is quite a job; while you are loading their tails at one end of a box, their heads are leaking out somewhere else."

Many readers of this book probably have seen or heard something about Dan and Jule Mannix. Their illustrated lectures, or movies, or TV shots of their bald eagle Aguila might be recalled. Or their striking photograph of a giant manta ray, twenty feet in diameter, leaping in wrath from the sea. Or a photograph of a woman being fatally bitten by her pet cobra. Or Jule Mannix's photo of a charging African elephant. Or Dan Mannix's reminiscences of carnival life.

How the foregoing (and more) happened; how the Mannixes got that way and what ways they went, is gaily described in "Adventure Happy"—unique among life-with-animals books. Dan Mannix, six-foot-four son of an admiral, loved circuses and carnivals and joined a roaming tent show after leaving college. Jule Mannix, gently reared outside Philadelphia and in convent schools, had stage ambitions and played bit parts in summer stock and soap operas. Her first sight of Dan was at a carnival, where he appeared in the act of swallowing a neon tube. Much to their surprise, they married.

Dan had read about Laplanders hunting wolves with eagles from backs of reindeer. That gave him an idea to train an eagle for falconry and the hunting of Mexican iguanas, giant lizards which "run like deer and bite like bulldogs." There should be picture and lecture material in it. He heard of a bald eagle which had been cured of injuries by a New Jersey game warden and then hung about town robbing chicken houses. The Mannixes got her by paying twenty-five dollars for damage committed in the neighborhood. It was quite a job training Aguila in a one-room New York apartment.

* * *

Finally off to Taxco, Mexico, and iguana hunting. This resulted in illustrated lectures and return to Taxco to do same all over again for a Hollywood movie crew. Next came pictures of manta rays off Acapulco, followed by the first Mannix baby. Before the second Mannix baby arrived, there were scram-

bles through Mexican caves to capture vampire bats ("I could never get really fond of them"). Next came a publisher's advance for a book and failure to write it in Capri. Then back to the U.S.A. for animal work in Hollywood and settling down supposedly for good in a Pennsylvania farmhouse. But a book on African big-game hunting was called for. Returning, there was a stop-over in London where Dan Mannix demonstrated carnival fire-eating over B. B. C.'s TV. "Disgusting," wrote a newspaper critic. "However, the Mannixes were followed by a delightful interlude on the harpsichord."

Apparently "Adventure Happy" is an interlude. But if all goes well, there are further adventures in Venezuela, India, Australia and stag-hunting in France.

S. T. W.

ADOBE WALLS. A novel of the last Apache Rising. By W. R. Burnett. 279 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

T HE dust cover of this book shows a man riding on a roan horse with all its four feet off the ground. The man is looking back as though he were being followed, perhaps by a band of Apaches. But that is not the kind of story this is. Mr. Burnett, who knows about Indians and about Arizona, grew up some time ago and writes for grown-ups. The main adventure of his leading character, Walter Grein, Chief of Scouts, in the spring of 1886, was not in his pursuit of the Apache outlaw, Toriano, though he did pursue him in his own way, with his own companions and in his own time. The main adventure was something else.

What Mr. Burnett seems to be telling us is that a personality in a wild Western novel may have some of the same preoccupations that a personality in New York City or a small New England village might have. That is, he might attract and be attracted by a woman he can't have. He might also be subjected to the authority of lesser men than himself, the credit for his exploits might go to another, and he might, after his greatest success, face the future with misgivings.

Walter Grein was a bit on the saturnine side. One begins to understand why. He is a well-made character—drawn in part, as Mr. Burnett says in his postscript notes, from a real Chief of Scouts in the Apache wars, Al Sieber. But Mr. Sieber, as far as is known, did not inadvertently get the husband of the woman he may have loved promoted from colonel to brigadier general.

Mr. Burnett's Apache scouts, his "Reb" McKinnon and other white characters, his evident familiarity with the Apache country, and his easy grasp of the complex situation which arose when some Indians left the reservation to fight, and others withdrew to think things over—all these are good and make his story interesting. Better still, they make it believable. There were subtleties beyond subtleties, depths beyond depths, in this clash of cultures.

If any 1954 Apache reads Westerns he need not avoid this one: Mr. Burnett says it was lucky there were never more than 6,000 of that tribe; if there had been 200,000, he thinks, "they'd have run all of the whites out of the Southwest, including the Regular Cavalry."

R. L. D.

PILGRIMS IN PARAGUAY, by Joseph Winfried Fretz.
Scottsdale, Pennsylvania, Herald Press, 227 p. illus.

A sociologist's survey of the Mennonite communities in South America—not only in Paraguay, though that is where most of them are, but also in Argentina, Uruguay, Brazil, and Colombia. Throughout their history, the Mennonites have been driven from country to country, either actively persecuted or denied the right to be "different" in the ways prescribed by their religion. This right was offered them by Paraguay after World War I, when the flourishing communities in Canada were deprived of the privilege of conducting their schools as they chose, and in 1926 a group of settlers began the incredibly difficult task of colonizing the Gran Chaco. Since then their numbers have been swelled by a second wave of emigration from Canada and by the influx of Mennonite refugees from Russia, until now there are about twelve thousand in seven settlements scattered across the map of Paraguay. Professor Fretz, himself a Mennonite, has spent considerable time in these colonies, and reports fully on them—their culture (fundamentally German), crops, industries, family life, schools, churches, and government. Though admitting that he may err on the side of optimism, Dr. Fretz believes that despite all their difficulties, which are still great, the colonies have a good chance of survival. He writes awkwardly, and his lack of familiarity with Latin America and inter-American affairs creates a vacuum around the material, but it speaks dramatically for itself.

D. L. F.

CUZCO: RECONSTRUCTION OF THE TOWN AND RESTORATION OF ITS MONUMENTS. Paris, UNESCO, 38 p. and 59 photographs.

IN the space of seven seconds on May 21, 1950, two thirds of Cuzco was rendered uninhabitable by an earthquake. That was not all—much of its priceless colonial architecture and some of its irreplaceable Inca ruins were leveled, seriously damaged, or scarred either by the shock or by the over-enthusiastic activities of clean-up bulldozer crews. There was still more—as a dwelling place for people of the twentieth century, Cuzco had been obsolete; those concerned with rebuilding it faced the job of creating a modern city from the blueprints up. The resulting pilot plan draws on and

complements the work of a UNESCO mission, the first of its kind, sent at the request of the Peruvian Government to advise on the best means of saving the Cuzco monuments. This handsomely illustrated report—prepared by the mission chief, George Kubler, head of the art history department at Yale—describes the ancient buildings examined in the door-to-door investigation, suggests what should be saved and how the work should be done, and discusses various aspects of the problems involved in making Cuzco a residential city and at the same time a living museum. Two major difficulties are primitive building methods and those modernizers, including what the mission calls "chauffeur-minded elements," who would rip up anything standing in the way of skyscrapers and through streets. A peripheral highway, a bypass, and strict zoning, a part of the pilot plan, will protect the old section from such onslaughts. Since adobe is the principal building material, and since poor handling of it was responsible for a large part of the destruction, a training program in its use is recommended.

M. T.

TWO AGAINST THE AMAZON, by John Brown.
New York, E. P. Dutton and Company, inc., 1953, 247 p.

A couple of years ago John Brown, a young Englishman described on the dust jacket as having a "devil-may-care-attitude," did Peru the favor of going there with a friend to look for the source of the Amazon, or something. Very little of this incredible book



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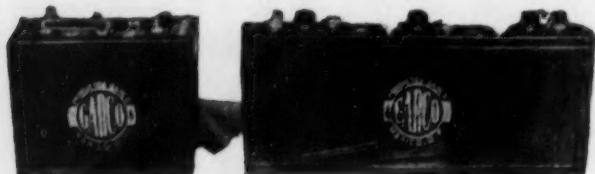
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deals with science, however. It is devoted largely to an account of Brown's hardships, poor fellow, and to his observations on the local scene—that the customs were either quaint, barbarian, or un-English (and just as reprehensible on whichever count); and that the people were either childlike, drunk, dirty, picturesque, mercenary, or crazy, and, in any case, best dealt with by conspicuously cleaning his revolver. One wonders, first, what the Peruvians who met him would have to say if they had equal access to a publisher; and, second, how he ever wangled the support of the respectable people and organizations listed in the Acknowledgments.

L. D.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE INTERNATIONAL COLLOQUIUM ON LUSO-BRAZILIAN STUDIES. Nashville, Tennessee, Vanderbilt University Press, 1953. 335p. illus.

SCHOLARS from Brazil, the United States, Portugal, and several other countries flocked to Washington in October 1950 for this colloquium, sponsored jointly by Vanderbilt University and the Library of Congress. In order to compress the vast subject into a form that could be dealt with in a few sessions, it was decided to emphasize cultural anthropology, fine arts, history, language and literature, and bibliography. The papers were mimeographed so that they would not have to be read aloud—a procedure that allowed maximum time for discussion from the floor. Unfortunately, neither this discussion nor the expert criticism of the papers by the commentators assigned to each session could be reproduced in this volume. The principal papers, by such authorities as Emilio Willems, Reynaldo dos Santos, Virginia Rau, and Bailey W. Diffie, are given in full in their original language (English and Portuguese were the official languages) and summarized in the other; lesser papers are merely summarized.

ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT OF NICARAGUA. Published for the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development by the Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore, 1953. 424 p.

THE report of a survey undertaken at the request of the Nicaraguan Government by the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, this is both an examination of the current situation and a

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program of recommenced action in agriculture, transportation, power, industry, and economic administration for the next five years. The aim is to raise real per capita income by 15 per cent and production by 25 per cent in this period. During its stay of almost a year in Nicaragua, the six man mission covered every region—in fact, practically every square inch—of the country, calling in outside experts in various fields where necessary (for example, a representative of the Chilean Development Corporation helped with plans for a proposed similar institution in Nicaragua). Its estimate of the country's potential is extremely favorable: rich land; a wide variety of known resources and many mineral, forest, and agricultural assets on which scientific data are at present lacking; plenty of room for the population—indeed, one difficulty the mission foresees is a manpower shortage as the program advances. In view of the prosperity Nicaragua is now enjoying as a nation, the mission believes it will be well able to afford those measures described as "minimum," and has high hopes for its reaching the "optimum" goals as well. Among other countries of which surveys along the same lines have been made are Colombia (report published in 1950), Cuba, and Guatemala (both reports published in 1951).

B R R.

LIBERATORS AND HEROES OF THE WEST INDIAN ISLANDS. By Marion F Lansing, Boston, L. C. Page and Company, 1953. 294 p illus

A gallery of important and fascinating figures, from Columbus through Toussaint Louverture and the Trinitarians down to Estrada Palma. Almost all are virtually unknown to the U.S. high-school-age audience to which the book is chiefly directed, and enough historical background is provided to show the signi-



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fiancee of their careers. The story of rebellion against Spain goes back to Chief Hatuey at the dawn of the sixteenth century. Many of the men dealt with are soldiers, either by profession or by force of circumstances, but a long chapter is devoted to the peaceful mission of Las Casas. In addition, a number of colorful characters who can hardly be called either liberators or heroes but who certainly have a place in the history of the region are included: Henry Morgan; Edward Teach, better known as Blackbeard; William Bligh of Bounty fame, whose expeditions in search of plants on which slaves could be fed cheaply won him the nickname "Breadfruit." The book displays a certain capriciousness with Spanish spelling, accents, and usage. One of a series that includes volumes on South America and on Mexico and Central America.

W. J.

A HERO BY MISTAKE. By Anita Brenner, with Illustrations By Jean Charlot. William R. Scott, Inc. New York.

SINCE very little can be of more interest to children than how other children live, it is good to note that several authors have done well by them in the aspect of inter-Americanism. "A Hero by Mistake," is a delightful little story of Mexico by the author of such substantial books for adults as "Idols Behind Altars" and "The Wind that Swept Mexico." It flows along as limpid as a folk tale in Anita Brenner's effortless prose, set off by Jean Charlot's rhythmic line drawings.

The story deals with Dionisio, who was greatly afraid and who did what he feared to do and so "really became what people thought him to be: a brave man." His testing takes a form children will delight in: Dionisio, timorous of firecrackers, makes himself ride to what he thinks is a christening where firecrackers are madly sputtering. When he gets there he finds not firecrackers and a baby but blazing weapons and five burglars. By routing them with his valiant bugle, Dionisio becomes the hero of the village.

C. D. M.



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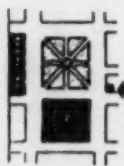
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Current Attractions

SYMPHONY

By Vane C. Dalton

THE return of Carlos Chavez to the podium as guest conductor of the National Symphony Orchestra in the opening program of its current season at the Palacio de Bellas Artes renewed my conviction that he still preserves in our midst an undisputed preeminence as an orchestra conductor and that this preeminence has been acquired upon the basis of veritable merit. The applause of the large and enthusiastic audience which filled almost to capacity the auditorium evinced that it shares my conviction.

Chavez is still the Maestro, and the components of the National Symphony Orchestra, most of whom performed under his baton during the twenty years he conducted the Symphony Orchestra of Mexico, seem to accept this fact without reserve. Hearing this opening program of the season one immediately felt the presence of a man on the podium who truly commanded the orchestra, who achieved the veritable feat of compelling each musician to perform at his very best. The orchestra, we have heard on so many former occasions performing with an uneven degree of success under the leadership of so many highly different conductors, seemed to be completely transformed in concord and sonorous quality. It demonstrated an utmost precision, a complete concentration of each musician, and an effective rendition from each instrument.

The program presented by Carlos Chavez commenced with Johann Christian Bach's symphony in Si flat, which is one of the favorite works in this conductor's repertoire. He directed it with verve and a

robust sonorousness, stressing, as he usually does, the contrasts in volumes and passing from pianissimos to fortissimos only lightly touching intermediate gradations. It was a very interesting, a typically Chavez, interpretation; though one would have probably preferred a more finely modulated version.

Although I have always regarded Chavez as a complete conductor, one who is entirely free of bias as to the music he presents, being also a composer in the modern tradition, it would not be unreasonable to assume that his personal technique finds a closer affinity and a fuller scope of expression in modern music, especially in the kind of compositions that are not conceived plastically but on the basis of planes and color. And it was upon such basis that he conducted Blas Galindo's "Pequeña Sinfonía for a string orchestra," a work wherein, it seems to me, this Mexican composer strives to achieve a more profound elaboration of his customary folkloric themes. The work is quite interesting in structure and has its arresting moments. It is probably one of this composer's best. Still, I felt certain that the clamorous appreciation it received from the public was to a large extent the result of its magnificent version by Chavez.

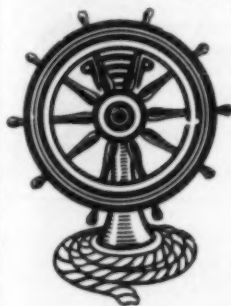
This was followed by Beethoven's concerto in Re major for a violin and orchestra, with Karl Freund as soloist. Though it can be hardly said of Freund that he is a virtuoso of the violin, he is a consummate performer. He rendered this concerto with fine accuracy

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and considerable feeling and was magnificently accompanied by the orchestra.

The program closed with Beethoven's Fifth symphony, whose interpretation by Chavez might lend itself to two opposing opinions. Those who favor the stately metronomic hardness in the music of Beethoven undoubtedly found that this was an ideal execution. Those, on the other hand, who prefer Beethoven's plastic and melodious qualities probably considered the conductor's version as a radical departure from orthodox style. Whoever in this case might be right, there can be no doubt that Chavez interpreted this work in a clearly defined personal manner, or in accord with his own concept of it, rendering it mainly by way of orchestral contrasts which ranged from the most delicate, hardly audible pianissimos to the most grandiose fortes he could elicit from his ensemble.

I must add that regardless of which one of these two opinions may be right—and I for one am inclined to favor that which differs with the conductor's—the prolonged and tumultuous applause which rewarded the execution of this composition would tend to indicate that the majority of the audience heartily approved the version Carlos Chavez gave us.

On the whole, this opening program most auspiciously initiated the season of thirteen to be presented by the National Symphony Orchestra during the forthcoming weeks. This, incidentally, was a substitute program, for according to the original schedule, the first five programs were to have been conducted by Clemens Krauss, the following five by Sergiu Celibidache, and the final three by Carlos Chavez. Due, however, to the fact that Krauss has been detained in Europe because of illness, the schedule had to be changed. In the event that Krauss cannot fill his local engagement, it is most likely that Chavez will conduct eight programs instead of three.

LUIS HERRERA de la FUENTE

AMONG the various younger native symphony conductors whose progress I have observed during the past few years, no one in my opinion bears a fuller degree of promise than Luis Herrera de la



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Fuente. I have, in fact, reached the conclusion that if there is any one among them who might with time be able to assume the permanent direction of either one of our two leading symphony ensembles—the National or the Ciudad de Mexico, both of which are functioning without a titular director—it is Herrera de la Fuente.

My opinion, originating some years ago, when I attended a concert by the National Symphony Orchestra very ably conducted by him, has been reaffirmed on the numerous subsequent occasions when I saw him on the podium. There is, indeed, something in the personality of this young conductor—who is also a gifted pianist and composer—that makes one sense his natural endowments: the rare innate power to lead, to truly direct, to transmit to each member of the orchestra his idea and wish, and to exact compliance.

His progress during these recent years has been outstanding. Extended the opportunity to lead a number of concerts by the National Symphony ensemble, he was later chosen by the Fine Arts Institute to form the Bellas Artes Chamber Orchestra. Choosing with fine discernment the components of this ensemble, he has been conducting it with splendid results for the past two years. He and his ensemble have gained in prestige with each consecutive concert season.

Conducting not long ago the National Symphony Orchestra in a brief season of four concerts, Herrera de la Fuente revealed the full extent of his ability. These four well balanced programs, including the Fifth Symphony by Beethoven, the First by Brahms and the First by Shostakovich—three works that comprise a rather difficult test—were interpreted by this young leader with veritable comprehension, with a fine depth of feeling and an unmistakable stamp of personality.

In technical excellence and in the degree of penetration of the works he interprets Herrera de la Fuente has reached undeniable maturity. In our musical realm he is no longer an accomplished young aspirant. He has made a place for himself as a symphony conductor.



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Art Events

AS IN former years, the local daily newspaper "Excelsior" is staging its annual collective exhibition of paintings, titled "La Fiesta de la Flor." All painters residing in Mexico have been invited to participate in this exhibition with one painting each, either in oil, tempera or water color. There is no restriction as to individual tendency, style or theme.

The exposition is being held at the Museum of Flora and Fauna in Chapultepec Park from the 30th. of April to May 9th. The selection was made by a jury composed of Margarita Nelken, Inés Amor and Margarita T. de Ponce.

GALERIA ROMANO (José Maria Marroqui No. 5) is currently showing a quite impressive collection of religious paintings in oil by 17th. and 18th. century Mexican painters. Outstanding in this collection is an unsigned canvas attributed to Cabrera and two paintings by Miguel Jeronimo Zendejas.

ALARGE collection of paintings by various Mexican and foreign artists is being exhibited at the Sala Velazquez (Avenida Independencia No. 68). The collection includes quite a few works of undeniable merit.

FOLLOWING the show of paintings by the Russian artist Albert Alexandrovich, the Galeria Arte Moderno (Calle de Roma No. 21) is presenting a group of canvases by Salvador Elizondo, a young and gifted Mexican artist who paints somewhat in the manner of Guerrero Galván.

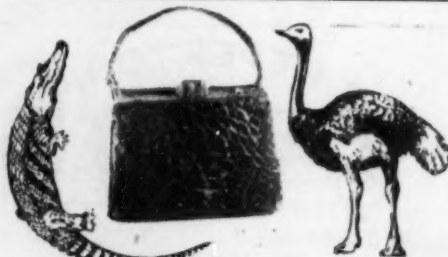
AN exhibition of paintings by the distinguished Belgian artist Constant Permeke is being presented at the National Conservatory of Music (Avenida Presidente Mazarik No. 582) under the auspices of the Belgian Legation and the National Institute of Fine Arts.



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LITHOGRAPHS and etchings by Gustavo Casillas, Mariano Paredes and Guillermo Gonzalez are being offered this month in a joint exhibit by the Sala de Estampa (Calle de Lisboa No. 48).

ROSA Estrada Menocal, a portrait painter of considerable ability, is showing a group of her recent works at the Ars gallery (Calle de Niza No. 38).

SUPPLEMENTING the Exhibition of Mexican Art, the National Institute of Arts is presenting on the fourth floor of the Palacio de Bellas Artes a comprehensive exhibition of works by contemporary Mexican engravers. Sixty-two print-makers are represented in this highly interesting projection with from one to four works each.

AHIGHLY varied and voluminous collection of paintings and drawings, representing the work of thirty-eight modern Mexican painters, is being shown at this time by the Salon de la Plastica Mexicana (Calle de Puebla No. 154).

PAINTINGS in oil by the noted American portraitist George Van Saake are on show during this month at the Mexican-North American Cultural Relations Institute (Calle de Hamburgo No. 115).

CIRCULO de Bellas Artes (Calle de Niza No. 43) is introducing to the public the work of Bertha Gomez Palacio, a young painter of considerable talent and fine technical preparation. Landscape, still life and genre themes make up this exhibit.

ABSTRACT compositions by the American painter Mart Carl are being shown at this time at the Galeria San Angel (Dr. Galvez No. 25, Villa Obregon).

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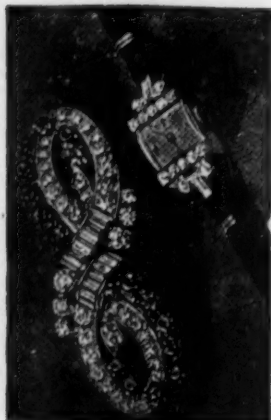
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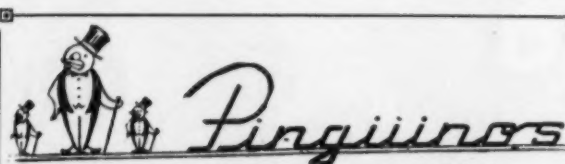
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Patterns of an Old City . . .

Continued from page 16

me, so to speak, in contact, a somewhat remote contact, with the outside world. My daughter, you see, is always busy at her task, and my grandchildren are married and settled elsewhere. So mostly I am alone. But I am not complaining, for that, I suppose, is due a man who has probably lived too long. When we are young solitude is the greatest of hardships. When we are old it can become a cherished companion . . . But then, there are cases when a young man, perhaps even yourself, deliberately seeks the refuge of solitude."

Dawson's mind was arrested by this pertinent allusion. He seems to know me, he said to himself. He seems to understand. Disconcerted, selfconscious, he admitted that his journey to Mexico had been indeed prompted by a desire to enjoy a spell of solitude, that he had lately felt the need of it. And then, without being asked, by spontaneous volition, he went on talking about himself. He revealed that he had been a flier in the war, remarking that nowhere can a man experience a more complete and gratifying sense of solitude than in a soaring plane high above a hostile earth. He spoke of Adamsville and the real estate and insurance business he had been compelled to take over upon his father's death, and confessed that at heart he had slight avidity for business. He explained that he turned the management of his affairs over to a trusted employee and that he would try during



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the six months he spent in Mexico to make up his mind as to whether he would sell out or continue in business. He admitted that at the moment he was still undecided.

He told him all these things; but he did not tell him, either in the course of this initial chat or in those that followed, anything about his brief and luckless marriage, about the inner emptiness, the lack of a definite purpose, of a vital hope or sustaining will, which cast him in a perpetual solitude. He did not tell these things, and yet he felt that the old man understood, that without being told he knew probably more than he did himself about his conflict with reality, about his incapacity to come to grips with life.

For Dawson, in fact, had never understood that this incapacity had not been brought on by any specific experience; that it was indeed an innate condition. He was always conscious of his oddity: he knew that in some vague manner he was unlike most people, unlike not in a superior but inferior way, for he lacked the courage to strive against this oddity or the will to adjust himself to the same exigencies of life.


In moments of introspection, he admitted to himself that he was essentially a coward, that even in his deeds of valor, even when he was piloting a B-29 on daylight bombing missions, he was actually running away from the brunt of responsibilities imposed by normal life. He knew that the war had provided a temporary escape, and that prior to that the years at college, squandered away on such academic courses as languages, philosophy and history, instead of technical or professional training, were likewise, a respite from veritable life. These were the things he did not, could not, reveal. Nor could he speak of the yet another squandered portion of his life—the years he shared with Emily.

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He met her after the war, when, resuming his studies, he was completing his final year at college. Though he was not quite certain that he loved her, though he had never fully made up his mind that she was the kind of woman he desired for a lifelong mate, he married her after an awkward romance of several months, because she had set her mind on it and had a stronger will than he. They settled in Adamsville, and he went to work in his father's office, and for at least two years their life seemed to follow a normal course. And then, whatever it was that held them together, gradually wore itself out, and there was only the drab and unrelieved monotony, the enforced

and sterile companionship of two human beings who intrinsically held nothing in common.

Most likely, he would have been willing to endure this kind of existence indefinitely, had not Emily contrived a way out. For it was shortly after his father's death, when dreadfully he had to assume full charge of the business, that he suddenly surmised that she had been deceiving him, that she had been flagrantly faithless. Quietly, without a scandal, without an ugly scene, he moved out of the house and a few months later she obtained a divorce on the grounds of desertion.

The experience did not affect him deeply. For the loss of Emily, disturbing as it seemed at first, actually freed him from an onerous involvement. In losing her he regained his unhindered isolation, his self sufficiency, his independence from common human concerns and obligations. Now he could spend the rest of his life safely dodging reality, building walls around his solitary trivial existence.

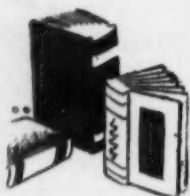
He yet, however, had to face the responsibility of managing a business—the sole reality he could not avoid. And though he despised his task, he now devoted himself to it even with greater absorption and diligence, for in locking himself up within its prosaic routine he strengthened the walls he built around him. He was not without acumen, and he mastered the skill of dealing with people in a friendly and efficient though quite superficial and impersonal way, without ever getting truly close to them, without permitting anyone to ever penetrate the walls. And even if he was not conscious of unhappiness, of resentment, of hating the world, at heart his passive withdrawal defined such hate.

He became conscious of this hate, he made this crucial self-discovery, in Mexico. Talking with Don Erasmo, hearing his quite impersonal abstract divagations, he sensed that the truth his words revealed was actually directed at himself, and that in some strange manner it clearly and sharply divulged the

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things he bore hidden inside. Through Don Erasmo's words he perceived the hate he harboured. But he likewise perceived that Don Erasmo bore no hate—that there was no hate in him for anything, that there was only a slight contempt for everything, even for himself—and this perception made his own hate totally meaningless. He felt that the old man had passed far beyond the realm of love and hate to that of understanding—that though he hardly knew him he was indeed the first man who ever truly understood him. And this made him feel insignificant and small.

He was depressed by Don Erasmo, and at the same time strangely inspired. Something, he felt, was happening to him—something that could not alter his nature, that could not change him into someone else, and yet was somehow destined to affect his whole existence.

* * *

"No," Don Erasmo continued. "After thousands of years man has not been able to grasp the vital essence of this paradox. Striving for greatness, for power and perfection, man grows smaller. The process of diminution is changeless and continuous. It is, in fact, the basic law of life itself."

"So there is no escape?" Dawson asked.

"No. I am afraid there is no escape." Don Erasmo paused with a faint trace of a mischievous smile, then fixing his eyes on Dawson went on: "No. Not even through flight and isolation... Not even you... Man is doomed to preserve the inborn discontent with his own imperfections, and thus he is doomed to eternal strife. And though, as we have seen, it is a futile strife, it is the sole absolute justification for living. One can only run away from it in death, while, stupidly enough, the purpose of life is life itself."

The faint smile on the old man's face broadened into a grin. Then, pointing a trembling finger in Dawson's startled face, he broke out in a dry and rasping chuckle. And observing him, Dawson too began to chuckle, and soon he was laughing, laughing boisterously, merrily and wholeheartedly as he had not laughed in years.

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Un Poco de Todo . . .

Continued from page 33

One paleopathologist attributes a foot defect in King Siptah of the Nineteenth Egyptian Dynasty of 1225 B. C. to poliomyelitis. Dr. Ackerknecht finds that sculptures from Egypt also show that polio paralyzed the ancients.

Only a small number of diseases affect the bones, and unless they leave their marks little evidence remains in fossils. So a medical historian like Dr. Ackerknecht must find out what he can from ancient paintings and sculptured figures and from V-ray photographs of mummies. "One of the most striking findings in Egyptian mummies by direct inspection and with X-rays was that of arteriosclerosis," says Dr. Ackerknecht. The first historical figure to leave

his record of hardened arteries was the Pharaoh of the Exodus, Merkeptah, who lived in 1200 B. C.

Other ailments found in Egyptian mummies include silicosis, pneumonia, pleurisy, kidney stones, sinusitis, gallstones, cirrhosis of the liver, mastoiditis, appendicitis, meningitis, smallpox, leprosy, malaria, congenital atrophy of the liver and tuberculosis. Schistosomiasis, a parasitic disease in backward nations that practice primitive farming, was prevalent in Egypt 2,000 years ago. The Egyptians were also plagued by lice, and the Peruvians by sand fleas, judging from lesions on the soles of their feet.

Malignant tumors of the bone were rarer in prehistoric man and animals than they are today. A few such tumors have been found in fossils of the cave bear, in fossil horses, Peruvian Indians, in human remains in France and North America, and in Egyptian mummies as far back as 3400 B. C.

As Greek civilization developed, the Greeks became bigger and healthier, Dr. Ackerknecht says. The expansion of Greek culture between 800 and 500 B. C. was accompanied by an increase in body size and life span, and a decline in arthritis, bad teeth and infant mortality. After 400 B. C., the general health of the Greeks again took a turn for the worse.

The Hapless One . . .

Continued from page 28

night, about the time the people of Santiago began to retire, it was raining harder than ever, and the whole city was enveloped in an atmosphere of gloom. At best, people were uneasy, not knowing what their eccentric new Governor would contrive next; one look at her black mansion, dimly outlined against the mountain, was enough to plunge their already melancholy spirits into new depths of depression.

It had been dark for some two hours when they felt a strong earth tremor and heard a deep rumbling. The alarmed population reached the streets in time to see a great mass of water pouring down Hunahpu, dragging with it enormous boulders that uprooted trees and crashed everything in their path. Before



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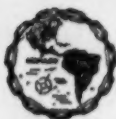
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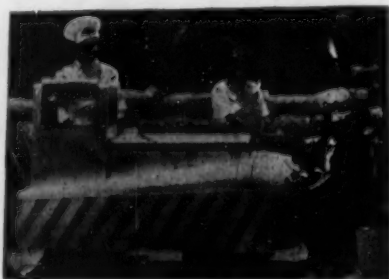
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the dazed populace could make a move; the torrent had invaded the city; the flimsier Indian huts in the suburbs floated amid the angry waters, and soon the solid Spanish homes began to topple under the impact of the flood and its cargo of rocks, timber, and debris.

The Governor's house was unquestionably the most substantial in the city, but it was also the closest to the mountain. Its tenants were just as terrified as the rest of the population, with the exception of the indomitable Beatriz.

When the members of her personal guard and most of her servants fled the palace, she remained, unperturbed. At two she retired to her chambers. Suddenly the entire structure skuddered and a sinister jar shook its walls. Beatriz emerged from her bedroom wrapped in a coverlet, the thing nearest at hand. Although not paxicky, she had lost some of her assurance; she summoned her housekeeper and sent for her ladies in waiting.

Eight women were coming toward her when a flow of water surged into the house and carried them away amid the clatter of tumbling masonry. Eleven others succeeded in reaching Beatriz' side and looked to her for help. By now she was thoroughly frightened, but she thought fast. A chapel for her private use had recently been erected on the roof of the palace. It was the highest point in the city and would be the most distant from the onrushing tide. Followed by the distraught ladies, she climbed to the oratory.

Hunahpu's long-extinct crater had fed on the torrential rains like a hungry maw; filled to the brim, it could contain the waters no longer, and one side of the mountain—the one closest to the palace—gave way under their pressure. Like a raging, live monster they tumbled down the gentle slopes, furiously attacking whatever stood before them. Most of the palace was crushed as if it had been made of glass.

Among those who tried to rescue Beatriz was Francisco Cava, who reached her room a few minutes after she had left it to seek refuge in the upstairs chapel. Others glimpsed her coverlet-clad silhouette, leading her faithful attendants away from the only part of the house that was to withstand the impact of the quake. Meanwhile, Beatriz' own brother, Francisco de la Cueva, fought his way through the mud to reach the palace, but got no further than a garden wall, where he was forced by the turbulent waters to spend the night. Above the noise of the onslaught one could hear the terrible lowing of the cattle and the neighing of the horses caught in the maelstrom of mud and rocks.

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Santiago de Guatemala is now called Ciudad Vieja. Huge boulders still stand where Hanahpu, now renamed "Water," once spat them. Of the palace where Beatriz once dwelt only ruins remain.

The events of that apocalyptic night are described in minute detail by an eyewitness, a scribe named Juan Rodríguez. His memoir, published in Toledo in the year 1543, bears this impressive title: "The story of the terrible earthquake which took place in the Indies, in a city called Guatemala. It is an event worthy of the greatest wonder, as well as an exemplary warning to us all, so that we shall repent our sins and be ready for the hour when it will please the Creator to call us unto Him."

Hill-Country Maternity . . .

Continued from page 18

of white cloth, prepared for the occasion. The darkest corner of the room, away from all semblance of a draft, is considered the only safe place for a newborn child. The light of day, or a breath of fresh air, is considered fatal. I am sure a good many otherwise healthy infants smother in hot weather; but this is the custom.

There is no notion of sterilization or sanitation, beyond the idea that no water of any kind can touch the mother or child for forty days and forty nights. Dry, white cloths are used to clean them up, as best they can; and the mother's abdomen is wrapped very tightly with bands of white cloth which must not be removed, for any reason, for the same period of forty days and nights. If at the end of this period both mother and child are still alive, it is a pretty sure sign they are going to survive; and they are allowed to live, normally.

If puerperal fever, or other infection, develops after childbirth, the relatives seldom call in a doctor until they should be out getting lumber for the coffin.

In spite (or perhaps because of) all this, most Sonora women are a fine sturdy lot; and the children are healthy and strong. The population is on the increase; and most of the available corn land is now un-



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der cultivation. Anyone bringing in reforms that would cut down infant mortality should precede them by some means for supporting the additional population. Babies arrive with an appalling regularity in the hill country. That's what the neighbors keep telling Antonita.

"Don't grieve so," they say, "you'll have another one before long. Everyone does."

Interlude

Continued from page 24

fore, save that not Moctezuma but another recited, in the same high voice. Then suddenly, as it does here, daylight went down. The white went out of the light, everything was bathed in pink-gold syrup, and the shadows turned purple. The change was sudden and as subtle as anything in the theater, and for the next half hour or so the lighting effects changed constantly, dimming one color in the banded headdresses, intensifying another, making a yellow shriek, dulling a red to chocolate, until the crossing rhythms of dance and chanting came out of the gray-lavender shadows, where scraps of white shone milk pale on moving ghosts. Then somebody brought a torch. More torches, a hurricane lamp, some kerosene flares appeared, and leaping, grotesque shadows pursued and mimicked the dancers; giant arms reached up the old ivory walls, baleful gleams sprang from the mirror glass, and it seemed as if steps and words went more swiftly, in a more urgent tempo. When the long figure ceased, it was like waking from a dream.

"Now it's dark," said the chauffeur, waking up. "And it's not only that the road's so bad, but it's dangerous to be out at night among all these savages."

I refused to leave and offered to stand a drink at the bar. He said he wouldn't use the piggish village tequila to wash his feet with.

"Well, go to sleep again," I said. "We're staying some time yet."

The Spaniards danced again, and the little Malinche with them, making tentative steps and never taking her eyes off the nearest man—perhaps a father or a brother—and following his lead. Then there was an Indio figure, and between the prancing rows the other little girl, Moctezuma's faithful daughter, held tiny protective hands over Moctezuma's headdress, which he had laid on the ground and given into her charge, a symbol of his threatened kingship. The chanting became more plangent, a high wail from the dying Indians to heaven.

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At last it ended, and the strange timeless magic went. It was already long after ten, and I had been told the dancers would dance all night or as long as the tequila lasted, with the performance getting more ragged. I decided that now was the time to go, on a climax. The chauffeur was relieved but out of temper.

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Nobody took any notice of our going, as they had taken no notice of our presence. Not a head turned among performers or watchers. As we backed to turn they were starting a new figure which looked like a triumphal march of the Spaniards. The little boy with the Mickey Mouse handkerchief swallowed a huge yawn, clutched his trailing saber, and fell into step. Bats were wheeling in the glimmering light above the



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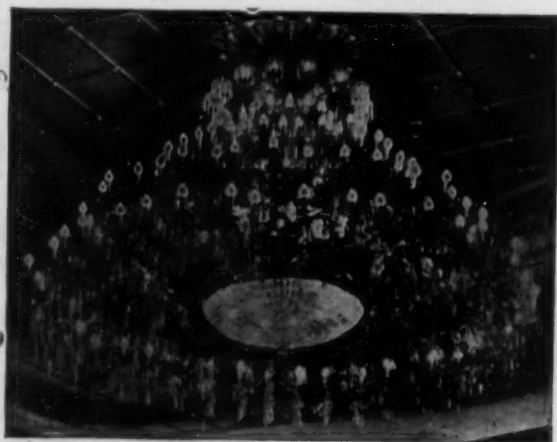
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weirdly lit stage, and nearby sounded the bark of a coyote.

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The four Destructions of the World

Continued from page 21

She addressed the gods: "I shall ask the co-operation of three of you. You, O god of water; you, O god of fire; and you, O god of the air. I know that you have toiled for a long time and that you are weary. Rest then a little while, until I return for you."

When she had spoken she departed from the circle of the gods to visit the earth, whereupon the three gods upon whom she had called withdrew to a nearby cave where they rested from their labors.

And when the three gods had gone into the cave, the rains ceased to fall, the winds were stilled, and the sun no longer gave off its rays of light. The currents died in the rivers, little pools were soon dry, and even the lakes became beds of dust. There were no

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breezes to cool the hot face of the earth. Soon crops seared and yellowed; fruit trees did not bear. In the forests the animals died of thirst and hunger, or man killed them for food. But soon there were no more animals and men themselves grew gaunt with starvation. Then they remembered the gods whose altar fires they had allowed to go out, whose temples they had permitted to crumble or lie forgotten amidst the tall weeds.

"O gods in the heavens, help us," they cried, as they set to work repairing the altars and relighting the ancient altar fires. "Save us from the hunger and the thirst!"

The gods would not hear the evil ones, but they dispatched messengers at night with food and water to all the good people of the earth, so that the evil might not see.

"O gods in the heavens, help us," cried the evil ones, "or we perish."

And some of them, more bitter than the others, cried, "It would be better to be eaten by tigers than to perish by hunger and thirst."

"Good," chorused the gods, and they commanded the lean and hungry tigers to come from their hiding and devour the evil ones. The people hid in the huts, or ran away, but always the tigers found them. At last there were no more evil people in the world, but only the godly, whom the gods had succored and the tigers had spared.

Seeing that her task had been completed, Chicomecóatl sent a messenger to call the three gods from their cave, that the rain might fall again, the breezes blow, and the sun give forth light. Then she called upon Chalehiuhtecuhtli, the goddess of fertility and abundance, upon Xochiquetzal, the goddess of flowers, and upon Centé-otl, the goddess of grains, saying, "We must provide for those upon the earth who have been saved because of their goodness."

Whereupon the trees grew green again and bore fruit, grains held up heavy heads to the sunlight, and gay flowers blossomed everywhere to delight the hearts of men. The good people gathered together and said, "The gods have been very kind to us and it is therefore fitting that we should make a great fiesta to give



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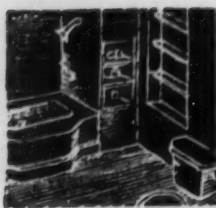
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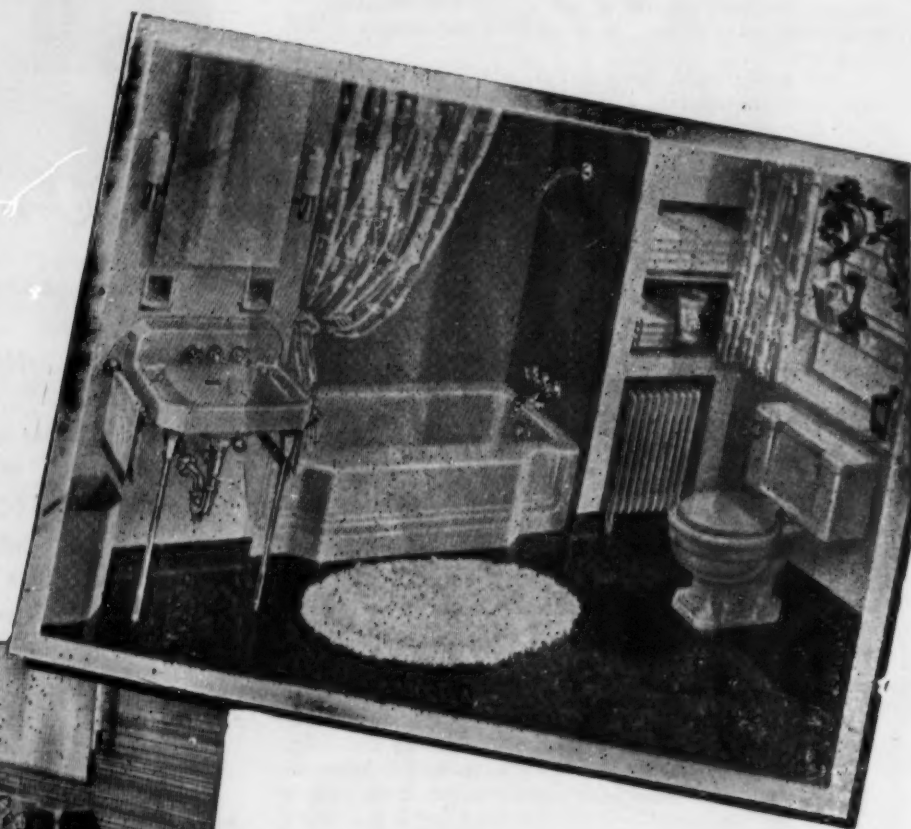
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them thanks for preserving our lives from the great calamity."

And on a certain day they gathered the fullest of their ear of corn, the most perfect of their fruits, and the finest of their handicrafts, and placed them on the altars. Then they played games and improvised dances to the glory of the gods who had been kind to them. When evening came great fires were lighted, and the fiesta continued far into the night.

All the earth was good again, and peace and happiness continued for many years.

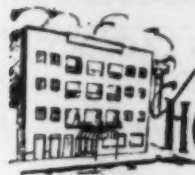
Labor And Social Security . . .

Continued from page 15

Secretary-General Dionsio Encina of the Communist party was quickly arrested for investigation following a demonstration against President Aleman's state-of-the-nation address on 1 September 1951. And the Aleman administration's vigorous military precautions in the 1952 national elections smothered Communist efforts to generate violent opposition to the government-party candidate. Though Mexico in 1952 remained one of only four Latin American countries maintaining formal diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union, those relations were cold, and the once dangerous Russian embassy in Mexico City no longer was considered a focal point of Communist conspiracy in this hemisphere. President Adolfo Ruiz Cortines, staunchly anti-Communist, undoubtedly has continued, and possible further strengthened, Mexico's resistance to Communist infiltration. It is highly significant that Lombardo Toledano, Popular Party presidential candidate supported by Communists, polled only a minute fraction of the total 1952 vote.

However, social and economic, more than political, factors doomed the Communist threat that reached its peak in the 1930s in Mexico. Communist influence there waned proportionately with the material progress stimulated by the economic program of the Avila Camacho administration and carried forward with unprecedented speed and accomplishment under Aleman. The government's performance simply robbed Communism's false promises of their former power of attraction. Two other anti-Communist factors, either alone perhaps decisive, also should be noted. Mexican Catholicism is a powerful force against Marxism or Stalinism; the devout Mexican simply will not take Kremlin orders contrary to the dictates of his Church. Also, Mexicans, with good historical reason, are almost unanimously and vehemently opposed to foreign intervention of any form or fashion in their

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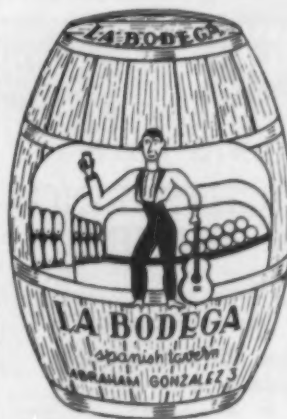
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domestic affairs, a brick wall that Moscow-dictated Communism is not likely to crack.

Consequently, despite past leftist tendencies and intellectual flirting with Marxism in some governmental and labor quarters, Russian Communism or Stalinism has not been, is not now, and is most unlikely to become, a serious threat in Mexico. Mexican labor leaders, in fact, have grown vague and distant-minded even over mild socialistic theories, as expediency compels primary attention to union interests in the modified private enterprise of Mexico's current industrialization program.

Labor strife contributed to a production slump around 1947, and the unions in 1951 were becoming increasingly restive over the decline in labor's real income caused by mounting inflation. A general mine and smelting strike was narrowly averted, and C.T.M. was becoming more interested in profitsharing plans to gear labor income to inflation. Telefonos de Mexico corporation was requisitioned by the government to enforce settlement of a dispute, which continued on into 1952; and the steel workers, who had not enjoyed a wage increase since 1947, won a cost-of-living raise. Electrical workers were among 1952 strikers, but the labor front was relatively peaceful.

The hope that industrial expansion and efficiency finally will overcome the oppression of inflation has led Mexican labor to lessen its resistance to technological improvements which, though temporarily displacing labor, should increase production, real income, and, in time, job opportunities. Mexican labor law, however, does hamper industrialization by making it extremely difficult to reduce payrolls during slack production periods. This compels management to expand with great caution toward meeting peak demands, as a firm otherwise might get caught with an insupportable labor force very costly to lay-off. This law should be reconsidered carefully for its adverse effect on national production.

Labor also has joined with management in private support of vocational education and in-job training. C.T.M. joins with the Camara Nacional de la Industria de Transformacion and the Confederation Nacional de Campesinos for labor-management-farmer round-table discussion of Mexico's economic problems.

In short, Mexican labor appears to be growing up. Its strength still depends too heavily on governmental support, and some of its leadership's thinking remains muddy; but it does appear to be headed generally in the right direction. Its mounting concern recently has been with the inflation that has depressed the real income of white-collar and government salaried employees, industrial wage earners, and farm

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laborers alike below pre-industrialization levels of a decade ago. Resulting resentment could stir fresh labor strife of grave proportions. The morale of hard-hit civil servants, largely of the non-striking Federation of State Employees, has been especially low, contributing to poor administration at the worst possible time.

Wage increases so far have been a minor factor in Mexico's inflationary spiral, as such raises no doubt have been more than justified by enhanced productivity. The United Nations Economic Commission for Latin American in 1951 concluded that industrial production in 1949 was probably twice the output level of 1939, though available indices showed little more than 70 per cent increase. The report added that industrial employment by 1950 probably was 50 per cent greater than 1940 though indices indicate only 25 per cent over 1939. At any rate, it is evident that productivity has improved sufficiently to warrant substantial wage raises.

* * *

The U.N.E.C.L.A. also reported in 1951 that, although real wages have declined under inflation both in industry and agriculture, 'the average real wage of the working population has increased.' That seeming paradox is explained by the shift of workers from less to more remunerative occupations, from lower to higher positions in each occupation, and from lower to higher income areas. The report specified that industrial real wages declined 27 per cent from 1939 to 1947, regained some lost ground in 1948 and 1949 to put the latter year 5 per cent over the 1947 level, but in 1950-51 were falling again.

Some of the more outstanding improvements in working conditions observed in Mexican factories are paternalistic. The prime postwar example is Distribuidora Mexicana Nacional's Industrial City outside Mexico City, where most social services and welfare,

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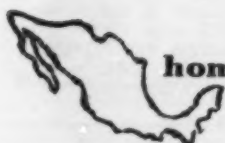
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including housing, are furnished by that metal products company in an experiment in encouraging living standards for workers as a means of expanding the national market for industrial goods. Though possibly a welcome transition stimulant, such programs could, in less benevolent hands, fall back into 'company-town' abuses requiring public regulation and union resistance. The whole professed purpose might be permanently served more effectively through general education, collective bargaining, and public law. It is time for Mexican labor to get fully free of the patron concept and complete the transition from status to contract, thus to outgrow the need for the state's protective but confining arm.

Strengthening union organization, as well as promoting cordial labor-management relations, was still an avowed state aim in 1951, as evidenced in the new Pemex agreement between labor and governmental management. As President Aleman stated his administration's labor policy on 1 September, 1951:

"It also should be pointed out that in revising collective contracts both for this year and those reached in advance, authorities sought not only the improvement of salaries, but also of consumers co-operatives, construction of homes, establishment and improvement of clinics for workers, and, in general, an improvement of the moral and cultural standards of workers through stimulation of educational and sports activities."

A comprehensive social security law was passed in 1943, and is slowly spreading its coverage. The Mexican Social Security Institute during 1951 added 30,000 persons to its services, moving into several new areas. President Aleman reported in September that social security now benefits more than a million persons, including 382,000 workers. The Institute then had a 294-million-peso reserve, with a yearly income of 203 million pesos. During that year its medical services alone cost 114 million pesos. Eight clinics

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and three other units were constructed by the Institute during that year, and the first rehabilitation center for workers was being built at Acapulco.

Mexico's government-controlled health program provides free medical treatment and medicines to all workers who contribute a percentage of their wages to the social security fund. Some Mexican doctors oppose 'socialized medicine,' but the issue is mitigated by the nation's overbearing health needs. Dr. Alfonso Millan Maldonado, president of the Mexican Medical Confederation, in July 1952, said his colleagues were 'deeply concerned by the constant extension' of the federal security benefits system which may turn Mexican physicians into 'mere employees of the government.' At the same time, however, he added that 'we will collaborate only if we are furnished just economic compensation.' Millan Maldonado stated that he had called upon President Aleman to approve a confederation program seeking minimum wages for doctors, job guarantees, better opportunities for study and self-improvement, and other social benefits. He favored a minimum salary of 35 dollars per month for one hour of work daily for the social security program. That hardly constitutes medical profession opposition to 'socialized medicine' as it is experienced in the United States.

Federal low-rent housing is another important phase of Mexico's labor welfare program. Particularly impressive are the multi-family apartment houses for government employees with salaries less than 75 dollars a month, with units renting at 8 dollars to 15 dollars a month. Designed by the famed architect, Mario Pani, and completed in 1950, the 3-million-dollar Centro Urbano Presidente Aleman in Mexico City,

the first such project, affords 6000 occupants a complete city in itself, including commercial, recreational, educational, and medical facilities. The similar Centro Urbano Presidente Juarez was under construction in 1952, with a smaller faculty housing project planned for University City. Other multi-family units were being built elsewhere in the nation, with one completed at Ciudad Juarez. In addition, the government also has provided individual homes in special subdivisions.

Such federal welfare programs obviously assure labor's favor for the dominant government party, though the wisdom of the degree to which official paternalism is being carried may be seriously questioned. Undoubtedly, as industrialization proceeds, organized labor will become an even more potent political force in Mexico, able in time to defend worker interests against such an unlikely contingency as an anti-labor administration in government, the ultimate test of effective unionism. Mexican labor appears to be deficient as yet in outstanding leaders of sound and positive philosophy, and, understandably, it lacks the stability and maturity of the United States labor movement. Against the numerical strength of farm groups and the powerful influence of business and industry, nothing like a labor government is in prospect in Mexico, though government for some time to come no doubt will guide and protect union activities. Mexican labor will be truly free, however, only when it shall stand on its own feet, strong enough to respect the national interests in the independent pursuit of its own welfare.

In Search of a Journey . . .

Continued from page 12

them really good and all of them fascinating. Travel miscellany of the French Occupation always called something like "LE SIEGE DE PUEBLA, Souvenir d'une Campagne ou Cinq Ans au Mexique par un Officier de Marine en Retraite, Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur, Attaché à l'Etat-Major du Maréchal Bazaine." Excruciating volumes where sometimes a mad, enchanting detail of farm kitchen or highway robbery pierced through the purple lull of pre-impressionist descriptions "au jallissaient les cimes majestueuses et enneigées du vénérable Popocatepetl."

The writer who first made people of my generation aware of Mexico as a contemporary reality was

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D. H. Lawrence in his letters, "Mornings in Mexico" and "The Plumed Serpent." "Mornings in Mexico" had a lyrical quality, spontaneous, warmed, like a long stroll in the sun. "The Plumed Serpent" was full of fear and violence, and Lawrence loudly kept the reader's nose to the grindstone: he had to loathe the crowds in the Bull Ring, he had to be awed by the native ritual. Perhaps the reality, for better or for worse, was Lawrence's rather than Mexico's. There were two realities actually. The "mornings" were written down in the South at Oaxaca, in the Zapotec country; "The Plumed Serpent" in the West at Chapala, by a lake. I never liked "The Plumed Serpent." It seemed portentous without good reason. "Something" was being constantly expostulated and one never knew quite what, though at times one was forced into accepting it at its created face-value. And Lawrence's mysterious Indians, those repositories of power, wisdom and evil, remained after chapters and chapters of protesting very mysterious Indians, indeed.

* * *

Nor were those stacks of "littérature engagée" particularly enlightening. One read one journalist and became convinced that the Mexican Indians lived outside the grip of economic cycles in a wise man's paradise of handicrafts; one read another and was left with the impression that they were the conscious pioneers of an awakening working-class, and the tractors well on their way. There were villains—the Mexican Diet, so lowering; Drink; Oil; the Church; the Persecution of the Church; President Cardenas, so like Stalin and that Man in the White House. Panacea—Partition of the Land; Irrigation; Confiscation of Foreign Holdings; the Church; the Closing of the Church; President Cardenas, so like Lenin and F. D. R.

The thirties were the wrong time to be much aware of the Diaz controversy: Good Don Porfirio or the Despot? One knew that he had been a practical man in a vulgar era, a champion of order and a business promoter in a land of sloth and anarchy, who

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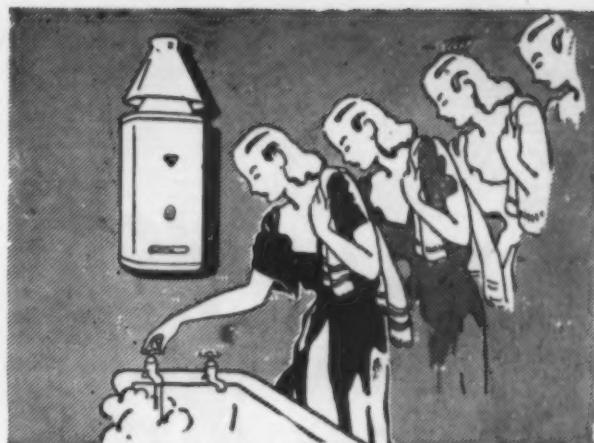
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jailed his opponents, cooked his elections and had no truck with the liberty of the press. It did seem rather mild and remote and old-fashioned; Diaz had been dead a long time and it was all very much in another country. Now I constantly hear his name on the train.

There is an air of expectancy in our coach, a feeling of the last night on board. The boys and girls are singing. The mistresses try to hush them but look awfully pleased themselves. The porter, however, is already banging up the beds. Everybody protests and it does no good. Pillow fights are in the air. I escape to the dining-car for some beer. One of the mistresses—what is called a nice type of woman—has escaped too.

"What is it really like?" I asked her.

"Mexico? You will see marvels," she said with a look of illumination.

Prompted by some excitement, I wake and decide to get up at seven which is not my habit. I struggle into some clothes inside my buttoned tent, and go to the dining-car where the windows are down at last and the air is flowing in clean and sharp, fresh with morning. And there under an intense light sky lies a shining plain succulent with sugar-cane and corn among the caeti, a bright rich tropical country miraculously level: green, green, green, the Valley of Mexico.

Jealousy . . .

Continued from page 10

this particular evening? None of the children knew exactly why, but they unanimously agreed that this information was correct. Doña Luisa pressed them rather savagely for details, but they could offer nothing more enlightening. After supper she put the children to bed, flung a reboso about her head and shoulders, and, for the first time in many years, she left the house at night.

It was an ideal night for spying; the stars were out and the moon was bright. She walked briskly in the direction to the cemetery, which was about a mile from the village. To avoid meeting anyone who might recognize her, she took a circuitous route which led her along mountain trails. Several times she stumbled, and once she fell flat, hurting her arm and cutting the palm of her hand. When she arrived at the cemetery she crouched down behind the trunk of a eucalyptus tree which was strategically near to the one and only stone bench in front of the cemetery and waited. She felt faint after her tiring walk. She and perspired profusely, and the cool air chilled her. Besides her physical discomfort, she already felt a trifle disgusted with her

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adventure. To have others spy for you seemed pardonable, but to spy yourself—well, there was something cheap about it, something despicable...

She had not waited long, however, when she saw Señorita Rodriguez and her husband slowly winding their way along the path leading to the entrance of the cemetery. For the first time she observed that her husband was badly stooped and that Señorita Rodriguez was much taller and thinner than she had imagined, and definitely middle-aged. They looked rather pathetic and a little absurd in the moonlight. She felt pity for them, pity mingled with exhilaration. It was like seeing the dawn after a night of exciting dreams.

They sat on the stone bench in silence, staring vacantly into space. They were like tombstones, Doña Luisa thought, tombstones, tombstones painted black. Luisa thought, tombstones painted black. They were not alive, but dead, just as dead as all these people in the cemetery. And all these years she had been suspicious and jealous of two ghosts whose lives had been just as meaningless and empty as her own. She realized that the best years of her life had been consumed by jealousy. And all these years were wasted. She felt cheated, defrauded. It was not her fault that she had been jealous. Things had happened that way. Could it be possible that she enjoyed being jealous? Possibly. But jealousy was a form of suffering and through suffering came some kind of a reward. That was what so many people had told her. But what was her reward? Remorse, futility, emptiness—nothing else. And now what would take the place of jealousy? She was no longer young. Her children had never really interested her. She was without friends, and she knew of no work that was interesting enough to absorb her thoughts. There was religion, but how could she believe in something she had never really felt?

She left the cemetery. The shadow of the tree where she had been hiding covered her retreat. She walked slowly back along the same mountain trail to her home. Her whole body was cold, and she felt sick at her stomach. When she finally arrived at her house she went immediately to bed. All night she had chills, and the next morning she felt feverish and her whole body was racked with pain. The following day Don Carlos chanced to come home and found her delirious. He went for the doctor and soon learned that his wife was seriously ill with pneumonia. Three days later she died, and she was buried in the same cemetery she had visited five days before.

Just before she died, she looked at her husband and broke into hysterical laughter. She died, however, with a lovely smile on her face.

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Mexico Struggles to Save a People . . .

Continued from page 29

Finally, in Desemboque, the place where the Seris pass the seasons of maritime tempests, some months ago a school was built. Attending it, without a single case of truancy, are 13 boys, 24 girls, and 24 adults. The chief of the tribe, a centenarian called Porfirio Díaz, and the witch doctor, Juan Tomás, do the lessons that Lee Sandoval, the teacher, gives them.

Not yet are the Seris very cleanly; they still look at things in a primitive way; they practice their own rites in the caves of the coast. But already I have seen some young people who read periodicals, even if the papers are several weeks old. And I have met three couples who married without the purchase of the bride.

Bride-buying is another problem still on the way toward solution. The Seris, like so many other primitive peoples, had the custom of buying brides. Due to poverty, many had to be satisfied with widows or with women already mature, the cheapest at "market rates." Their children as a result were often sickly or in any case few in number. The Indians believe that little by little the custom of purchasing brides will disappear. By now the point has been reached where couples who have not submitted to it are no longer isolated or expelled from the community. Youth and nature will do the rest, in the future.

The whole aim of rehabilitation is to help the Seris make a comeback by themselves. The authorities and the people of the city must limit themselves to giving the first impulse—a thing already done—and to providing them with the initial means for their evolution: teacher, doctor, motor boats and a little money for the co-op. From this point on, the evolution has to be spontaneous. Only then shall we see how a people who lives in the stone age adjusts itself to passing over, in a few decades, into the age of atomic energy. At this moment, the motors of their launches no longer frighten them, and there are four mechanics among the young men . . .

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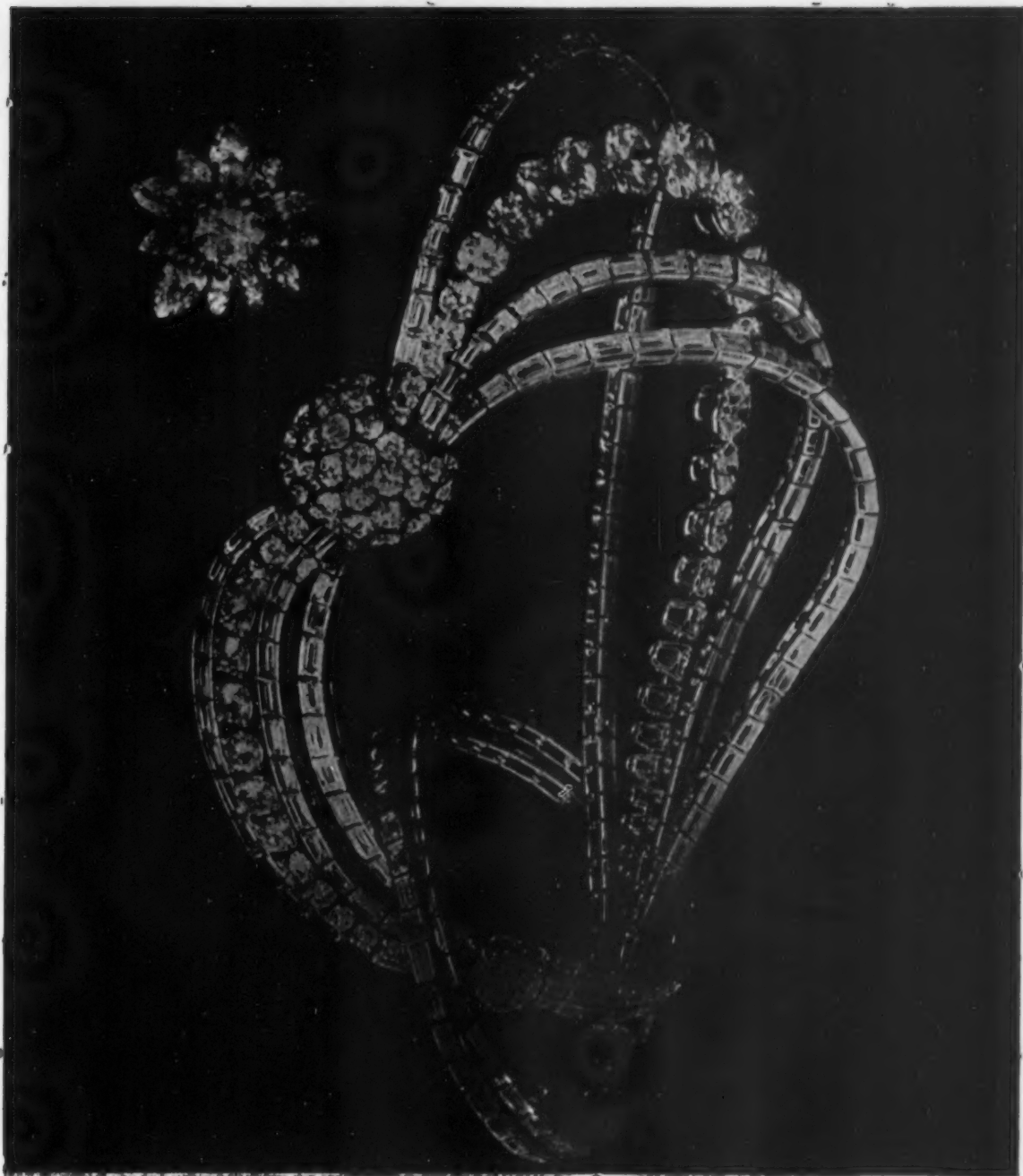
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